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UNIVERSITY ENROLMENT PLANS

Comment Of The Day

250,000 Victims

THE Colony needs no reminding of the seriousness of the drug traffic when it claims 250,000 as victims. But the study group whose findings were published earlier this week would do well to go beyond the recommendation to set up a treatment centre. The drawback of such an institution is that to succeed it needs to provide its patients on release with an alternative environment in which the inducement to return to addiction no longer exists. Where can such an environment be found here? The one department of our anti-narcotics operations which needs to be considerably strengthened is the inspection, or preventive section. Inter-departmental rivalry between the police and the DC & I can only be overcome by concentrating all search operations into one department with one staff.

DRASTIC measures have been discussed informally to stamp out addiction. One was that Government itself should import heroin to undercut and eliminate illegal traders and then gradually set about tapering addicts off. There are many disagreeable features about this idea but one thing is certain: until international co-operation or vastly improved preventive measures reduce imports, the expenditure of any large sums of money on treatment alone would be a sop to troubled consciences than a carefully reasoned attempt at solution. What Hongkong has to guard against is the spread of addiction — the extent to which crime and narcotics are linked emphasises that. If all the money we spend could be devoted to that end, in time existing facilities plus an institution such as the study group suggest, could handle the treatment of those who wanted it. It is worth adding — to stress the difficulty of the problem — that drug taking itself is not an offence, nor can an addict be forced to undertake treatment unless he is naturally deprived of it while serving a prison term.

Exodus Of HK Students To America

By A CHINA MAIL REPORTER

Hongkong University plans to double enrolment in the next seven years, it was learned on good authority this morning.

This will mean that the University will provide places for a total exceeding 2,000, including 1,800 undergraduates in the various faculties by 1966.

Earlier, the aim was to boost intake to 1,500 in five years.

A total of 1,120 students were enrolled in the University in October last year. This included more than 900 undergraduates. This year's figures should show an increase.

Details of the increased expenditure to expand the University's capacity have not yet been revealed. Nor have the staff requirements.

At present the University has a full-time teaching staff of about 160.

Expenditure

And recurrent annual expenditure is about $10 million, of which the Government subvention is $5,000,000. In addition there is a capital subvention of $3 million.

The plan to increase the University's enrolment is made known at a time when the exodus of Hongkong students to America has never been higher.

This year an estimated 1,350 have left to attend university in America.

Hundreds of others are going to British, Canadian and Australian universities.

There are said to be about 12,000 Commonwealth students in America.

"They are spending US$7 million a year, a third of which would have been sufficient for the annual total expense of running a colonial university to accommodate them all," the China Mail was told.

It has been found that the expenses of each student in America are three times as much as in a local university and twice as much as in a British university.

Limited Places

The main reasons for the rush of local students to American universities are:

First, there are only a limited number of places in universities in Hongkong and other parts of the Commonwealth;

Second, it takes less time to obtain the first degree at an American college;

Third, students feel that courses offered by American universities are more practical than similar ones by a local university.

Scholarships and the chance of spare-time work also influence the choice of many students.

Three out of every four British East Africa students last year studying in America received scholarships.

And many were able to arrange their courses to enable them to find work in their spare time.

British Envoy For Peking Leaves

Mr Michael Stewart, the new British Charge d'Affaires in Peking, left here by train this morning to take up his appointment.

Mr Stewart told a China Mail reporter that he felt his new post was a very challenging one, and that he was looking forward to it. "China is an important country and important for us all", he said.

He said that this was his second Far East posting. He had served in Singapore five years ago.

Mr Stewart, who had visited Hongkong before, said that he was very impressed with the improvements done here since he last saw Hongkong.

Accompanying Mr. Stewart was Mr M. H. Morden, First Secretary at the British Embassy in Peking.

Mr Stewart will be joined in Peking by his wife and three children in November.

He was seen off at the Kowloon Railway Station by the Chief Justice Sir Michael Hogan and Mr S. L. MacLehose, Political Adviser to the Hongkong Government.

TWO SURPRISE MOVES IN PODOLA TRIAL

London, Sept. 11.

There were two surprise developments at the Old Bailey today, where Guenther Fritz Erwin Podola was charged with murdering a police-sergeant.

The first move was when the jury was asked to leave the court because matters had arisen which did not concern them.

The second was when the Press were ordered not to report certain evidence following a request by Crown Counsel, Mr Maxwell Turner, during his prosecution of Dr Phillip Harvey, a witness for the defence.

Day After

The defence contention is that Podola has lost his memory of all events up to July 17, the day after he was arrested.

The prosecution alleges that his amnesia is faked.

The jury will have to decide whether Podola, a 30-year-old German-born photographer, is insane and cannot be tried on the capital murder charge.

He is accused of murdering Detective - Sergeant Raymond Purdy, 43, who was shot dead in the entrance to a block of flats in West London on July 13.

Not The Jury

Mr Justice Davis told the jury that "in certain eventualities they would not be the jury of the trial."

Earlier today, Dr Phillip Harvey, consultant physician at St Stephen's Hospital in West London, where Podola was admitted after his arrest, told the court under cross-examination by the Crown that he had inferred that Podola had lost his memory.

He said: "At no time did Podola say to me: 'I have lost my memory.' It was an inference I made by his replies to my questions."

He said that Podola's pattern of recovery of his mental faculties in hospital after his arrest could not have been faked.

No Truth Drugs

Dr Harvey also told the court that Podola had refused to take nembital or sodium amytal (sleeping drugs, commonly and collectively known as 'truth drugs) although he had not refused any other treatment.

He did not see the refusal in relation to Podola's claimed amnesia.

He said that in his experience some people feared that under the influence of certain drugs they might not only talk, but also tell the truth.

In his case, one might say something indicating, if one was intending to feign loss of memory, that one had, in fact, not a genuine loss of memory.

Dr Harvey said that a high degree of consciousness would be required deliberately to feign a loss of memory.

Puzzled

The last witness today was Mr Morris Williams, Podola's solicitor. He said that after Podola's arrest he was instructed by a client to do what he could to safeguard Podola's interests.

He saw Podola at hospital on July 20 and told him that he could do nothing unless he had Podola's direct instructions.

At first Podola did not understand but later he appreciated that Mr Williams was a lawyer.

"But his (Podola's) reaction was 'What has that got to do with my eye'," Mr Williams said.

His Question

After Dr Harvey had explained to Podola the reason for Mr Williams' presence, Podola seemed to understand that but could not see the connection between Mr Williams' presence and his bruised eye.

Mr Williams said that after Podola had been told he would be charged with Sergeant Purdy's murder he asked "Do you mean I have shot somebody?"

Mr Williams told the court that Podola was charged at Chelsea Police Station in his presence.

He had had no instructions from the accused when he made his subsequent appearances in court.

Photographs

Mr Williams said that he had collected from the police a packet of photographs found in Podola's possession.

Podola had identified seven of them, but could not identify four.

The court rose after the judge warned the jury not to talk to anybody about the case. — Reuter.

Floods In Kwangtung

Tokyo, Sept. 12.

China today reported floods in southern Kwangtung Province as an unnamed typhoon hit the province's coast early Friday.

In the Swatow area, the New China news agency reported today, from seven to 12 inches of rain fell in the past two days sending chief rivers in the region over "the highest water mark in years."—UPI.

Onassis Sails Off With Maria

Venice, Sept. 11.

Mr Aristotle Onassis and prima donna Maria Callas sailed away today on his yacht Christina" — without Tina aboard.

The Greek shipowner's wife, Tina, for whom the gleaming white craft was named, remained behind in Paris, according to Onassis' household sources there.—UPI.

U.S. TEXTILE DECISION NEXT WEEK

Washington, Sept. 11.

A decision would probably be taken next week on the National Cotton Council's appeal for restrictions on cotton textile imports from Japan, Hongkong and other countries, Mr Ezra Taft Benson, the Secretary of Agriculture, said today.

Mr Benson said he conferred earlier today with some members of the Agriculture Committee of the House of Representatives who urged him to accept the Council's petition.

The appeal has received the widespread backing of Congressmen from the cotton producing states of the U.S. south and those representing textile mills in New England and throughout the south-east part of the country.—Reuter.

HK Film Man's Brother Has Big Success At Doncaster

Leading Singapore businessman, Mr Runme Shaw, who is the brother of the Hongkong film magnate Runde Shaw scored a big success at Doncaster yesterday when his horse brought off a surprise win in the Portland Handicap.

The horse, New World, formerly champion sprinter of Malaya, started at 25 to 1. He held the lead from the start and passed the post holding off a strong challenge from Britain's champion sprinter, Right Boy, the favourite at nine to four.

Mr Shaw, collects £3,200 for the victory.

This was New World's first placing in four outings. The race was run over five furlongs, 152 yards, and New World had jockey Derek Greening up, said Reuter.

The Portland Handicap was the feature event on the days programme at Doncaster yesterday.

Mr Runme Shaw runs a stable of 60 horses in Malaya.

Battle Again Rages For Laotian Fort

Vientiane, Sept. 11.

A Laotian army fort, only recently retaken from Communist rebels, was today being attacked by three battalions and had sent an urgent radio appeal for help, the Laotian Army Chief of Staff said here.

Brigadier-General Ouan Rattikone said the rebels had moved down the rugged Muongson Valley from near the North Vietnam border and attacked the isolated Fort Muongson yesterday.

The fort, one of the first to fall during the original rebel attacks in mid-July, had only been reoccupied by the Laotian army three days ago.

'LAOVIETS'

The General said the attackers were "Laoviets"—a newly-coined word here to describe the mixture of Laotian pro-Communist Pathet Lao rebels and troops which the Laotian Government claims have crossed the border from North Vietnam.

He said reinforcements were being sent from southern Sam Neua Province.

The General was speaking as the Laotian Government prepared for the arrival of a United Nations fact-finding mission, due here over the week-end.

He told reporters that 260 Laotian troops had been killed in the two-month-old guerilla war and another 125 wounded. But the wounded figure was not complete, he added.

SEVEN RETURNED

At one fort attacked during a rebel drive along the Ma river on August 31 seven men returned out of a force of 82, the General said.

Before today's announcement of the Fort Muongson attack, military observers believed the Communists had adopted a new method of peaceful political infiltration to present to the U.N. team.

Latest reports from military observers returning from the rugged and remote north-east, where Fort Muongson lies, said the Communists were far from withdrawing.

Two Laotian companies — about 220 men—have been flown to Sam Teu fort, only 40 miles from Sam Neua town, after reports came in that the rebels were pressing in on the fort.—Reuter.

Krishna Menon: 'Serious But Not Alarming'

London, Sept. 11.

Mr V. K. Krishna Menon, Indian Defence Minister, flew into London tonight from Bombay and said that the Indo-Chinese border troubles were "serious but not alarming."

He said, "they are serious in the sense that we cannot just ignore them. We will protect the sovereignty of our country as best we can."

Asked whether India would fight if the Chinese attitude hardened, Mr Menon said, "we shall defend the borders of our country to the best of our ability. We hope, and I think, it will be settled by negotiation.

QUESTIONED

He was questioned closely at a 40-minute news conference at the airport.

Mr Menon was asked, "Are you a Communist?"

He snapped back: "Are you a Fascist? Is Lord Beaverbrook a Fascist? I think that was a highly impertinent question."

He was asked if the present situation would make any difference to India's relations with Pakistan.

"It will make no difference to our policy of non-alignment. I shall not raise the matter at the United Nations."

He said that he hoped to see Mr Selwyn Lloyd during this weekend.—UPI.

There are so many things to see

Such lovely things, both East and West;
Won't you fly there with me?

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- 3 flights a week from HONG KONG to TOKYO. —every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY & FRIDAY (Departure 10.15 a.m.).
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KING'S • PRINCESS

SHOWING TO-DAY

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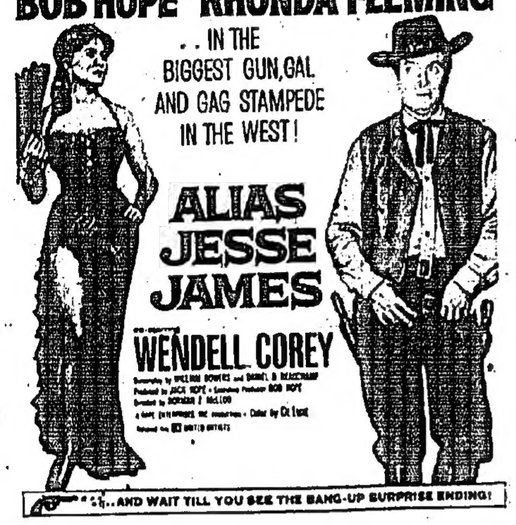
ALIAS JESSE JAMES

WENDELL COREY



. . . AND WAIT TILL YOU SEE THE BANG-UP SURPRISE ENDING!

PRINCESS

WEEK-END MORNING & MATINEE SHOWS At Reduced Prices

TO-DAY At 12.30 p.m. 20th Century-Fox Presents Richard Burton • James Mason in "DESERT RAT"

To-morrow At 11.00 a.m. Paramount Presents "A PROGRAMME OF POPEYE THE SAILOR AND VARIETY TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS"

To-morrow At 12.30 p.m. Warner Bros. Presents Ingrid Bergman • Joseph Cotton • Michael Wilding in "UNDER CAPRICORN" In Technicolor

KING'S Air-Conditioned

TO-MORROW At 11.00 a.m. U-I COLOR CARTOONS

TO-MORROW At 12.15 p.m. J. A. Rank Presents "DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE" Starring Kay Kendall • Dirk Bogarde • Kenneth Moore Technicolor

— At Reduced Prices —

ROXY & BROADWAY

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★ AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

"54-40 or FIGHT!" The battle cry that conquered the unconquered!

BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance of "THE OREGON TRAIL" At 12.15 p.m.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon 20th Century-Fox presents In CinemaScope & Color "ANASTASIA" Starring: Ingrid BERGMAN Yul BRYNNER

BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m. LATEST UNIVERSAL TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC AIR CONDITIONED

— SHOWING TO-DAY — At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

Morning Show Tomorrow 12.30 Martine Carol in "LOLA MONTES"

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

Morning Show To-morrow Pat BOONE in "BERNARDINE"

FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by ANTHONY FULLER

I DID not see much connection between the title, "For the First Time," (Hoover and Gala) but I think the film will go big with Mario Lanza's many fans.

I am not one of them, but I must admit that I enjoyed this film for its many excerpts from opera; when singing "pop" stuff, Mario is to me just another singer, but Lanza singing "Come Prima," and "On With The Motley," is a different cup of tea altogether.

The story is as sentimental as a Christmas card, and I have no doubt Miss Von Koczian, as the girl who causes Lanza to see the light, will have many hard hearted Hongkong people in tears.

For in this film Lanza begins by being a very bad character, even though he is supposed to be one of the world's greatest artists. Usually we expect great singers and artists to leave such crude liquor as Scotch and the vino alone, but Lanza lops it up as gratefully as a thirsty poodle.

Now this drinking is inclined to make him overlook the fact that many characters are gathered in various halls all over the world to hear him, and when he does not turn up, they are irritable because they have paid money for their seats. And, as is usual upon such occasions, they want their money back.

Well, I do not know what would have happened if Miss Von Koczian had not turned up, but what puzzled me was, as Miss Koczian is deaf, she could not fall in love with Mario's voice; and even although Mario has laid off the spaghetti lately, he still has enough waistline for two average chaps. Still, I don't profess to know much about what causes women to fall in love, and for all I know, Miss Von Koczian just liked Mario's face.

The Hollywood choir takes over in this film, and the inevitable Ave Maria swings into the film with a treacly vox humana stop full out, and then Mario takes over. Still, the fans love it, but somehow, heaven escapes from such faces as Mario's and my own, and come to that, all faces designed upon generous proportions.

So here is a film for Mario Lanza fans, a haunting song album, a lovely Cook's tour through the more picturesque quarters of the world's capitals, and an enthralling technirama-technicolor romance with music. You lucky people!

Mario Lanza in a scene from "For The First Time".

★ ★ ★

REGARDING "Alias Jesse James" (King's and Princess) this is simply Hope, mirth, and hillarity. Usually, Bob Hope amuses me; this time he had me chuckling in a lonely large cinema on a hot humid morning. And if you can get a laugh out of a film under those circumstances, I reckon it rates high.

Bob is cast as the world's worst insurance man, and he lives up to this title by selling a $100,000 life policy to about America's worst prospect, Jesse James (Wendell Corey).

The cracks fall thick and fast, and the gags are so stupid. For instance, the maison Jesse is decorated with all types of firearms tastefully set out, and rivalling any flower arrangements. Asks Bob, "Who are you expecting, Smith and Wesson?"

The scene when the boss finds out Bob Hope has insured Jesse James is too funny for words; I mean that; it is almost all expressions except when the boss orders Bob west to go and recover the policy.

Says Bob, "I am liable to get killed."

Says the boss, "Stop trying to cheer me up."

Well, that gag comes out and is dusted every so often, but so well done is it in this film that I laughed my head off.

Mary Young as Ma James is what every man expects his mother to be, a dear sweet old lady, and she frets terribly at the thought of young Jesse going out to a shooting without first eating his breakfast.

Dodging all over the film looking for gags, the next that amuses me is when Bob, having cleaned up the joint, the grateful citizens want to erect a statue to him. Bob strikes a pose, and a pigeon adjusts its bomb sights. Bob says to the pigeon, "Not yet."

So you get it? It is absolute farce, with even the romance angle, (Rhonda Fleming) dragged in for a few gags. But it is funny, very very funny.

★ ★ ★

"TOO Many Crooks" certainly pleased the American reviewers who rated the film "very good."

This uninhibited down-to-earth farce has the impeccably groomed Terry Thomas as a sort of Savillo Row Scrooge, who has made his money the easy way, but makes it hard to get for all comers.

Obviously, such a well fitted ill-suited socialite would become the target of gangland leader George Cole, who in turn thinks up a complex plan of coming between Terry Thomas and his money.

This too goes astray, because George Cole runs into Terry Thomas's wife (Brenda De Banzie) who is very cross to learn that Terry would gladly have her kidnapped.

The film ends with real farce as the crooks try to escape with their hard-earned ill-gotten gains, and the wind playing havoc with the notes. The spotlight in this film is played on Terry Thomas, and he turns to it like a sunflower to the sun.

Summing up, it is a breezy comedy, with the crazy cast enjoying themselves with a good chunk of comedy. The characterisations ring with comedy, and a good time is had by both cast (apparently) and audience.

★ ★ ★

IN point of fact, "The Oregon Trail" (Roxy and Broadway) marks a stage in the evolution of the motion picture. It is the stuff of which the old films were made but fifty years of rapid progress dress it differently. First of all there is CinemaScope, second there is sound, and third there is colour, in this film by De Luxe.

But the stuff of which the wild frontier films are made is still there. The Indians in their war paint; the incredible long distance revolver shooting; the savage charge; the last stand of the pale faces; and the scene that used to set the Saturday afternoon children's matinee in an uproar, the last winning attack of the white men.

How we used to lap it up. Sherbert dabs left unsucked; gob-stoppers poised in mid-air; and how we used to fight it out until next Saturday came round again to supply us with more material.

Of course, "The Oregon Trail" is much more sophisticated, but for some reason I could not see why the business of the dispute between the States and Britain was dragged in as make-weight which makes about five films due for release which show how danger-less it is to twist the Lion's tail.

Fred MacMurray gives the spectacular a touch of colour in the role of a newspaper man. Questioned as to why he is "going west," he is asked: "Are you a failure?" To which he answers; "Guess I am, I'm a newspaper man." As a film, it is high, wide, and handsome, about the best of the crowd of big outdoor stuff to come, save for "The Buccaneer."

The tremendous detail, even down to the first authentic Colt revolver, shows the trouble to which they go to bring you the cowboy and Indian stuff, these days.

Usually, I keep off production details, but in one or two places the matching is off, so obvious that I can't think how they thought they would get away with it. Pink sky on the set, bright blue off, you'd have to be colour blind to miss it. There's action all the time, plenty of excitement, scalps galore, along the "The Oregon Trail."

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Alias Jesse James." Farce built around Bob Hope as world's worst insurance man, selling Jesse James (Wendell Corey) a $100,000 life insurance, and Bob being sent out west to retrieve same. Gags well-timed and hair-triggered, with Rhonda Fleming providing the feminine angle of a hilarious plot. Big screen and Colour by De Luxe.

HOOVER & GALA: "For the First Time." Sentimental whimsy, with some fine operatic singing by Mario Lanza; also a sight-seeing tour de luxe. With Johanna von Koczian, and starring Zsa Zsa Gabor. Technirama and Technicolor.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Oregon Trail." CinemaScope, Colour by De Luxe, Stereophonic sound, Cowboys and Indians. Tremendous scenic effect with Indians doing their stuff right gallantly, and getting their feathers plucked as usual. Fred MacMurray; William Bishop; and Nina Shipman.

METROPOLE: "Too Many Crooks." Craziest crook plot that ever tried to straighten out an audience. Impeccable Terry Thomas crook who has made money the hard way, is set about by George Cole who tries hard to make easy money. Assisted by Brenda De Banzie and Bernard Bresslaw.

LEE & ASTOR: "The Heart of a Man." Sentimental comedy vaudeville which places Britain's variety talent on show. Worked around a plot which has a penniless seaman on the Embankment hit variety business. Frankie Vaughan; Anne Heywood; and Tony Britton.

COMING

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Buccaneer." VistaVision, Technicolor, five star, DeMille, Wilcoxon, Anthony Quinn, version of the life of Jean Lafitte, sometime pirate, sometime American patriot. Yul Brynner; Charles Boyer; Charlton Heston; Claire Bloom; and Inger Stevens.

HOOVER & GALA: "North by Northwest." Hitchcock at his best in a fast moving thriller which never lets up. Plot involves Gary Cooper in sensational killing, and puts him in a nightmare world of unreality. Excellent. Big screen and colour.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "Carlton-Browne of the F.O." This time the Boulting Brothers thumb their noses at the Foreign Office, which is poor form, as all will admit. The result is a hilarious escapade upon the best lines of these incorrigible brothers. R. Terry Thomas; Peter Sellers; and Ian Bannen.

METROPOLE & ASTOR: "The Cranes are Flying." The sensational Grand Prix film from Soviet Russia, different in that it carries no unrealistic statement, but tells the war-time story of a Russian couple divided by war. Imaginative, and authentic in that although the present regime is not criticised, the idea that the State can do no wrong is exploded. A VERY GREAT FILM. Tatiana Samoilova, directed by Mikhail Kalatozov.

LEE & ASTOR: "Tiger Bay." Sharp and attractive presentation, sensational now for the performance of Hayley Mills who becomes involved in a murder hunt. Strong direction and keen characterisation, setting the film about the top of this year's British films. John Mills; Horst Buchholz; and Yvonne Mitchell.

Salute To Courage

Beautiful Kay Kendall is dead. Requiescat in pace; ora pro nobis. She was but young, and in the ordinary run of affairs, her greatest triumphs were ahead, but she could look back also on some major achievements. That is not to be; it has been ordained otherwise; but we shall remember her.

We recall the mad flourish in "Genevieve," and the more recent "The Reluctant Debutante," but what I shall remember, and doubtless millions more, is the manner in which she arranged the order of her going. She knew she was very ill, and Rex Harrison knew she would die, but they both faced the business simply.

EMOTIONALISM

There could have been an announcement; the public could have been played up in an orgy of emotionalism. Instead of which, Rex Harrison dropped out of "My Fair Lady," and incidentally received much criticism, and Kay carried on as long as she could.

They had a quiet rest together, and probably spoke of such things which people only faced by such an irrevocable decision could speak of.

Kay Kendall was, of course, used to such a setting, and perhaps Death is not so grim a friend as we make out.

At any rate, he strode behind the wings. She quietly waited while he announced, "Overture and beginners," and at last came the knock; "Your cue Miss Kendall." So she got up and went on.

Could anything be finer?

Lee Astor

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At 12.30 p.m. HAPPY ROAD

ASTOR THEATRE At 11.00 a.m. M-G-M's COLOR CARTOONS

At 12.30 p.m. STARS OF THE RUSSIAN BALLET

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Screen Play by ADOLPH GREEN and BETTY COMDEN • Based upon the Musical Play • Directed by GENE KELLY and STANLEY DONEN • Produced by ARTHUR FREED

Special Matinee At Reduced Admission To-morrow

Gala Theatre at 11.00 a.m. — Paramount Films present COLOR CARTOONS

Gala Theatre at 12.15 p.m. — June Allyson — Peter Lawford in "LITTLE WOMEN"

Hoover Theatre at 11.00 a.m. — Walt Disney's Cartoon Feature "PETER PAN"

Hoover Theatre at 12.15 p.m. — Elvis Presley — Judy Tyler in "JAILHOUSE ROCK"

METROPOLE

TO-DAY At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE CLOWN JEWELS IN COMEDY!

Sunday Special Show at Reduced Prices:— 11.00 A.M. TECHNICOLOR CARTOON PROGRAMME 12.30 P.M. "HERCULES" In Eastman Colour.

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY MAIL FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

The State Takes Care Of Mother Love In Russia

By GAY PAULEY

New York, Sept. 11.

Mother love seems mostly a matter for the mother state in the Soviet Union.

So says Mrs John Sprague Bauman, one of the first two women to participate in the cultural exchange programme between the United States and the U.S.S.R.

"We were amazed. The child-parent relationship seems to be thoroughly limited," she said. "The women with whom we talked were very sentimental about children in general, but saw little of their own.

"We rarely saw families vacationing together. Almost all of the women we met work. It was a rare sight to see a mother pushing a baby carriage ....often a nursery is right close to the factory."

Mrs Bauman and Mrs Yarnall Jacobs, both of New York and both long active in women's organisations, visited Russia for 31 days this summer as guests of the Society for Friendship and Culture with Foreign Countries—"They like long titles," she laughed.

The women are with the National Council of Women of the United States—Mrs Jacobs as a Vice-President, and Mrs Bauman as Chairman of its Committee on Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy.

They crowded in a lot of touring — visits to Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, Yalta, Black Sea resorts, and collective farms in the Ukraine. They saw homes, apartments, youth camps, kindergartens, orphanages, maternity hospitals, housing projects, active churches, a subway, museums, and worker clubs.

YOUTH CAMPS

The children in nursery, kindergarten or youth camps seemed to make the strongest impression on the women. In an interview, Mrs Bauman said they found the youngsters "unusually health and happy appearing and well-dressed.

"The school equipment is excellent by our standards; there was one teacher for every 25 children on shifts of six hours. The children are kept from 7.30 in the morning until 7.30 at night, and get four meals a day.

"The women we met insisted that the children were far better cared for . . . by the experts.

"I don't know what provision is made for the child who doesn't fit the system."

"But these children are the Soviet's investment in the future . . . and with the indoctrination I observed and the Spartan training in health and endurance, it gives one cause for our next generation."

Mrs Bauman said she and Mrs Jacobs concluded that if an American visitor wanted the grand treatment in Russia, the way to go was as a delegate for some organisation. "The Russians seem to feel that the way to impress a people is from the top down, not from the grass roots up."

DELEGATE

Tourists return complaining of the food and accommodations. But the word "delegate" meant an interpreter always at their disposal, and gifts, flowers, and refreshments wherever they went.

"Somebody was always drinking a toast to peace," she said.

As delegates, they found themselves at the head of lines for planes and trains and they got faster service in hotels and restaurants.

"It's the old flattery technique, of course," said Mrs Bauman.

"I am sure the Russians want peace," she continued. "I'm also sure they want it on their own terms.

"But their system is working for them. The main ingredient lacking is freedom. They work to an end. To us, the means is just as important as the end.—UPI.

Stork gets an artificial leg

The stork in this picture isn't telling a tall tale, he has an artificial leg. During a recent flight the stork landed in the fowl run of an emu at the Emmen Zoo (Holland) and promptly got kicked on the leg, breaking a bone. At the clinic, Dr De Jong plastered up the leg, but the bone would not mend, so they gave him an artificial leg. Here, at the clinic the stork tries on his new leg and walks without any trouble.

26 Tough Teddy Boys Are Used For Experiment

York, Sept. 11.

Twenty-six tough Teddy Boys with a get-rich-quick attitude were used by psychologists of Queen's University, Belfast, Northern Ireland, in a recent experiment to discover whether the desires of a gambler gave him illusions.

Dr J. Beloff, a lecturer in psychology at the University, told the 121st annual meeting of the British Association For The Advancement of Science here how the experiment was conducted by himself and Mr K. Warwick, a student at the University.

The Teddy Boys gambled hour after hour in a smoke-filled gambling "den" complete with "croupier" and a gaming wheel.

They were chosen from a Belfast youth club, were each given ten shillings, and placed their bets in a game of chance with the examiner.

PRESTIGE

They were asked to gamble on which symbol would next be flashed on a screen. They had to report on what symbol they thought they saw, as the symbols were flashed for a very brief time.

Some of the youths were unemployed, Dr Beloff said.

"I was assured by the leader of the club that not only was the cash a strong attraction, but prestige was attached to anybody who came out of the experiments well in pocket," he told the meeting.

The phenomenon of "wishful seeing or hearing" is known to psychologists as perceptual autism.

There were three sessions, each consisting of 108 trials. Odds were so arranged that losses and gains would be likely to cancel each other out.

Dr Beloff said that in one of the sessions, the alternatives were equi-probable, but in the other two, they were rigged.

"In a random series, the subject has no reason to expect any given alternative to be more likely to come up at a given trial than any others," he explained.

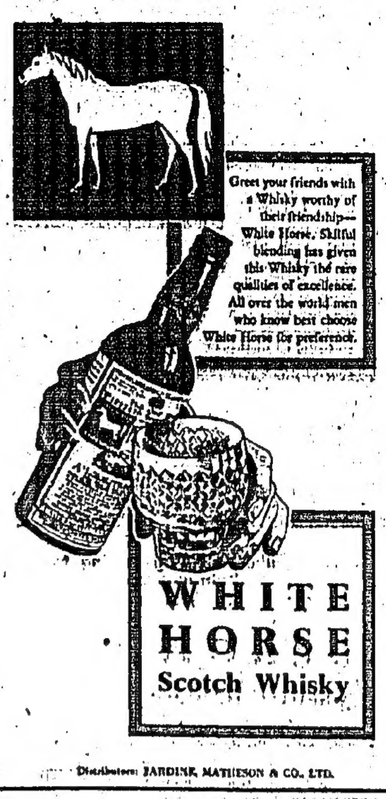
An "autistic individual" would be expected to "see" his lucky symbol more often than would otherwise be the case.

LOTTERY

The results showed unmistakable autistic tendencies among the boys but this disappeared in a fourth experiment where the subjects were deprived of their right to back their fancy, by arranging for the bets to be decided by a system of lottery.

There were striking individual differences from which it was tempting to suppose that autism was a function of personality, but there was little likelihood of any follow-up study being made, Dr Beloff said.

This was because two of the most autistic boys were arrested for housebreaking soon after the experiment and were now in a Borstal detention centre. — China Mail Special.



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IN GREAT LAKES

New Fish May Defeat Scourge Of Parasites

Ottawa, Sept. 11.

The "Splake," a fighting cross between the Lake and Speckled trout, may become a major weapon in defeating the Lamprey scourge in the Great Lakes.

Fisheries officials aren't certain yet, but they feel the new fish, developed by Canadian scientists of Manitoulin Island, offers some attractive possibilities.

It looks like a good sporting fish, maybe good enough to encourage a full-scale industry on the Upper Lakes.

And it may be the main factor in returning the Great Lakes commercial fisheries to their multi-million dollar levels of pre-Lamprey days.

ATTACK

In the battle against the Lamprey, a parasite which has ravaged Great Lake trout stocks and cost the commercial industry about 10 million dollars (£3.6 million) a year for the past decade, the new hybrid looms as a significant item because of its breeding characteristics.

Fisheries Department Conservation Director A. L. Pritchard explained the Lamprey does not attack a fish until it is well-developed. In the case of the Lake trout, this is when it is three to four years old, before it has spawned, he said.

The "Splake" breeds at a much younger age, however, Pritchard said, and Fisheries authorities are hopeful any attack on it will not occur until after it has spawned. Even if an adult was destroyed then, he said, it will already have multiplied the species.

The "Splake" isn't that new. Some sources, in fact, trace its discovery back as far as 1870. But it's only in the last few years that it has assumed major importance.

BATTLEGROUND

Most of the experiments with the new fish have been carried out by Ontario scientists in Georgian Bay, but a few have been planted in Lake Superior, the main battleground against the Lamprey. So far the results have been encouraging, Pritchard said.

The "Splake" will probably be a second line of attack on the Lamprey problem. The main efforts, involving no less than 11 governments on the federal, state and provincial levels, are still aimed at exterminating the underwater vampire.

A recently-discovered "Lampreid" chemical, which kills Lamprey, but does not harm other fish, is the main weapon being used in this campaign. Pritchard said officials hoped to have it in every Lamprey spawning stream in Lake Superior by next year.

According to Pritchard, the new chemical has been "98 to 100 per cent successful" against the Lamprey.

Its one drawback, he said, is the cost. An estimated three to four million dollars (£1.1 to 1.4 million) would be needed to put it into full operation in Lake Superior, Michigan and Huron, he added.—UPI.

CAPITOL

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

To-Morrow Morning Show
At 11.00 a.m.
M-G-M COLOR CARTOONS
At 12.30 p.m.
"THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN"

RITZ CINEMA TEL.50100

SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.
DEBORAH KERR DAVID NIVEN
JEAN SEBERG MYLENE DEMONGEOT

— NEXT CHANGE —
AUDIE MURPHY in
"THE QUIET AMERICAN"

Metropole . Astor

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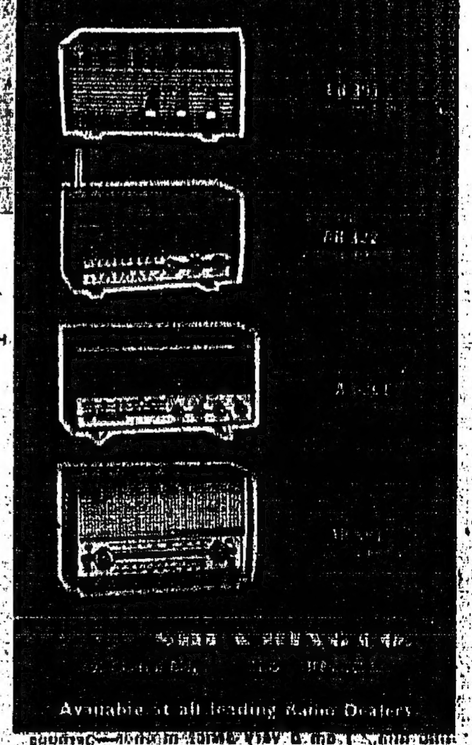

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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL

ABOVE: Sir Gilbert Fleming talking to a party of Russian teachers of English, who are visiting Britain at the Ministry of Education. The teachers have been attending a summer school in London.

ABOVE: A Guardsman, of the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards, armed with the new 7.62mm. self-loading rifle is seen relieving a sentry of the 3rd Battalion armed with the short Lee Enfield rifle at Buckingham Palace when the 1st Battalion took over public duties in London for the month. While the older type rifle is held at the slope, the new one is carried upright by the right side, since the normal drill is not used with the new rifle.

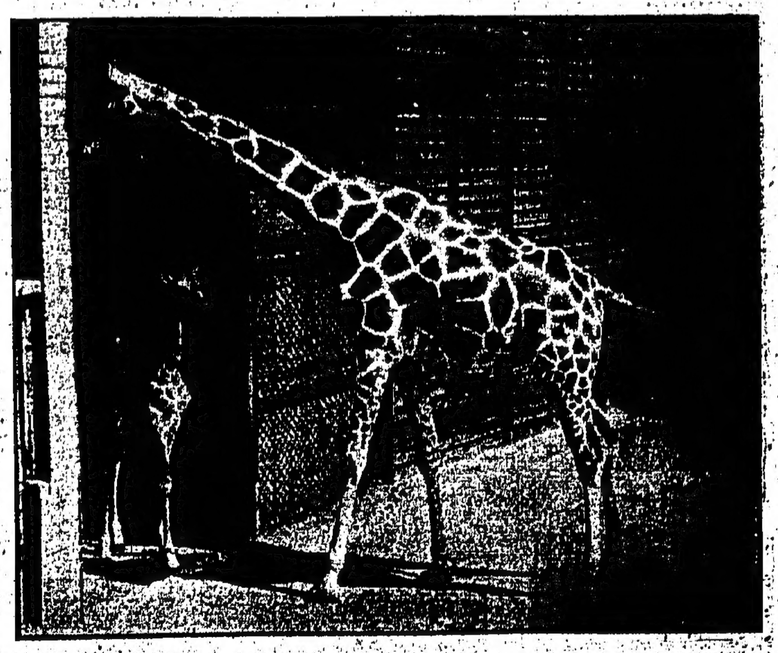
ABOVE: President Eisenhower seen in Britain before his departure for Washington. Landing at Prestwick after his talks in Paris, he was driven 16 miles through the Rabbie Burns country to Culzean Castle where he has apartments—the gift of the Scottish people. He was met at the gates of the castle by the Marquess of Ailsa whose family relinquished the castle to the National Trust of Scotland. He is seen here ready for a game of golf.

ABOVE: The tenth international astro-nautical congress opened in London—at Church House, Westminster, recently. Picture shows delegates listening to the opening speech. Front row (left to right): E. Ekonomopoulos and E. Petropoulos (Greece) Dr Samuel Kucherov (U.S.) M. Dubin (U.S.) and L. L. Hofstein (U.S.)

ABOVE: World heavyweight champion Ingemar Johansson is used to being in tight corners — in the boxing ring. But he will find himself in an even tighter corner at London Airport. When he arrives with his Swedish girl friend Birgit he will find waiting to meet him another girl friend. She is coffee-coloured nightclub girl Fay Sparkes with whom he dined, wined and cuddled during his recent trip to London. She is wearing a ring on her third finger, left hand, but denies it is an engagement ring although she admits she is crazy about the Swedish boxer. She is even thinking of giving up her club job and going to work in . . . . Sweden.

ABOVE: The auctioneers' men took over at Stanwell Place, the English "home" of King Faisal of Iraq who was murdered last year. The auctioneers were there on orders from the Public Trustee who decided to put the contents of Stanwell Place up for sale. The contents included luxurious cars, Louis XV furniture, silver, china, ornamental carpets. In a cob-webbed room which the public will not see—the king's personal belongings—hairbrushes, a model jet plane, books, portraits, gramophone records, school exercise books (left over from Harrow), padlocked diaries, which are to be destroyed. Picture shows a portrait, a painting —Faisal, man and boy.

ABOVE: In a West-End ballroom candles flickered . . . gaily dressed Malayan girls and their partners performed oriental dances—and rock 'n' roll. An Eastern band played traditional music. Malayans in London were celebrating the second anniversary of their country's independence. Picture shows Tunku Maimunah (wife of the Malay High Commissioner) with the High Commissioner of Ghana—which also gained its independence in 1957—and Madame Asafu Adjaye.



ABOVE: Dignity and poise becoming to a very valuable baby are shown by a giraffe calf born at Whipsnade Zoo, Bedfordshire, where it is pictured with its mother Maggie, a reticulated East African giraffe. The baby, not yet named, is worth £1,500. Father of the calf is Twiga.

ABOVE: Italian film actress Gina Lollobrigida is in London for a holiday. She spoke about bringing up her two-year-old son Milko who will join her. Said Gina: "I like to keep him with me all the time to discipline him. I am a very strict mother—perhaps too strict. My mother-in-law and his father spoil him so I have to be very hard". . . Gina says she doesn't want any more children—at the moment.

ABOVE: Prime Minister Mr Harold Macmillan went along to the Oval the other day as the guest of Lord Monckton, President of Surrey CCC, for the second day of the fifth and final Test between England and India. This picture shows Mr Macmillan watching play. Lord Monckton on the left, and behind is Cindy B.O. Babb, secretary of Surrey CCC.

NANCY By Ernie Bushmiller

ROWNTREE'S
THE MILK CHOCOLATE THAT'S DIFFERENT

THE COIL OF THE SERPENT

DID IT HAPPEN?

ONE of the less desirable results of a western education for an Asian is that he often grows up knowing more about the West than he does about the East. He becomes so impressed with the technological and scientific superiority of the West that he tends to look upon all eastern ways and beliefs which cannot be explained in those terms as so much superstition.

I myself, with my Western Education, might have ended up with the same attitude if something had not happened to me early in my life to instil in me a healthy respect for ancient beliefs and ancient ways.

Balanced View

Of course by this I do not mean that I believe in witch-craft and magic or that I am in favour of superstition. Rather it is to say that the scientific spirit which I have learned from the West has taught me to suspend judgment on the ways of the ancients until they have been proved wrong.

What happened to me happened 22 years ago when I was in Malaya and yet I can remember everything that happened as clearly as if it were yesterday.

I was then eight years old, and like eight-year-olds are wont to do in Malaya, I often ran around sans shirt or shoe. One day, when I was playing in that style of undress, my *amah* called me to her.

The *amah* was an old woman who had been with my family for years. She had brought up my father and she was then engaged to bring me up. She was a countrywoman who was uneducated and illiterate.

When I approached she turned me around with her rough, dry hands, and began examining something on my right shoulder. After what seemed to me to be a long time, she said: "You have been afflicted with the Flying Serpent. Unless you receive the proper treatment, you will die."

She said this calmly and evenly. Her face, which was brown and lined like the bark of old oak, did not change its expression.

My first reaction was to pay no attention to the mutterings of a stupid old woman and return to my game of marbles. But then a vague feeling of uneasy curiosity rather than of fear took hold of me. "What is the Flying Serpent?" I asked.

She took my left hand and placed it on a spot on my right shoulder. I felt a number of tiny bumps like insect bites covering an area the size of a halfpenny on my skin.

"That is the head of the Serpent," she said. "In a few days the Serpent will begin to grow. Little bumps like those will appear in a line across your back and round your belly. That is the coil of the Serpent. When the coil reaches the right side of your waist you will die."

"That is all nonsense," I said, and returned to my game. But nevertheless that vague, uneasy feeling stayed with me.

Meanwhile, the *amah* communicated her discovery to my grandmother. Although the Flying Serpent is not common, the disease is by no means unknown, and my grandmother loving me as only a Chinese grandmother can love her eldest grandson, was all in favour of consulting a native herbalist to secure the necessary remedy.

But my grandfather was absolutely opposed to any such move. He was a doctor in the service of the Malayan Government. He had a completely Western education and he did not have much faith in native herbalists.

● You have been afflicted with the Flying Serpent. Unless you receive the proper treatment you will die.

Nothing Serious

He examined me and proclaimed that there was nothing seriously wrong with me. Indeed I was inclined to agree with him for I did not feel ill in any way. My parents also staked their faith on my grandfather.

But three days later I developed a fever, which soon climbed to 103 degrees. And the little red bumps like insect bites were still there. My grandfather gave me some pills and applied some lotion to the patch of bumps, but the next day saw no improvement in my condition. My grandfather gave me more pills and some injections, but there was still no improvement.

By now my grandmother was becoming hysterical with worry but my grandfather would not relent. He said he did not believe that my fever had anything to do with the so-called disease known as the Flying Serpent.

Growing!

The following day not only saw no improvement in my condition but the Serpent began to grow!

That morning my old *amah* came to me and, after examining me, proclaimed to the whole family in her undramatic way that the Serpent was growing. Another red blotch, similar to the first but smaller in size, had appeared about an inch or two from the first one.

Thereafter every four or five hours another red blotch appeared. They moved in a slightly diagonal line across my back. What my *amah* had prophesied and what I had dismissed as nonsense was coming true!

That evening, my grandfather brought two of his English colleagues home with him. They examined me, and then all three stood a little way off and talked with hushed voices and that serious air doctors have when discussing a case. I was given more pills, but I do not know what they were nor do I know what decisions, if any, were made during the consultations.

The next day my grandfather stayed home from work. That must have been an indication of the gravity of my situation. By now I could no longer think or feel things clearly. My senses seemed to be wrapped in a haze. All that I was conscious of was a great fear of death.

Later I was told that in my feverish delirium I kept crying: "I don't want to die. I don't want to die."

Domestic Scene

What else transpired during this time I also learned only subsequently. I was told of a scene between my grandparents, which ended with my grandmother bundling me up and carrying me off—with the help of my old *amah*—to a native herbalist. By now the red blotches had rounded my side and were moving across my belly.

The herbalist prescribed a medicine which was vermilion in colour and had the consistency of mud. This was applied to the red blotches several times a day.

Soon thereafter the red blotches began to disappear and my fever began to subside. After three days my fever was completely gone and so were the blotches—except for the original head of the Serpent.

It took me some time to convalesce as the fever had taken quite a bit out of me. Towards the end of my convalescence, my *amah* made another pronouncement.

"The head of the Serpent must now be killed," she said. "It must be burned with a hot iron. Otherwise the Serpent may one day grow again."

But at this even my grandmother baulked. So the head of the Serpent never got burned. Today, though I have never been bothered by the Serpent since, I still carry the head of the Serpent around with me. I can still see and feel it on my right shoulder, although its colour has now paled to the ordinary colour of my skin.

During the 20 years that have elapsed since I felt the coils of the Flying Serpent, I have visited all the five continents. I have spoken of my affliction to Western doctors in many parts of the world, but none of them seems to have heard of it.

The only disease anywhere resembling the Flying Serpent that they can think of is shingles. But then they admit that many of the symptoms are quite different.

Perhaps some day Western science will discover what the Flying Serpent really is and what are its causes. In the meantime I will have to carry the head of the Serpent around with me—and hope that I will never again have to feel its coil.

DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES	NO

● *Put a tick against your choice in the space above.*

(The answer is on Page 18)

—*(London Express Service).*

By David Wong

DAVID T. K. WONG was born in Hongkong 30 years ago. He was educated in China, Malaya, Australia, and America and received a BA and a MA from Stanford University in California.

He has worked as a journalist for eight years and a lecturer in Far Eastern history for two.

"My two passions are writing and travelling," he says, "and I hope to be able to continue doing both."

He has been twice around the world and has worked as a correspondent in London, New York, Singapore and elsewhere.

He is at present on the editorial staff of the South China Morning Post.

TARGET

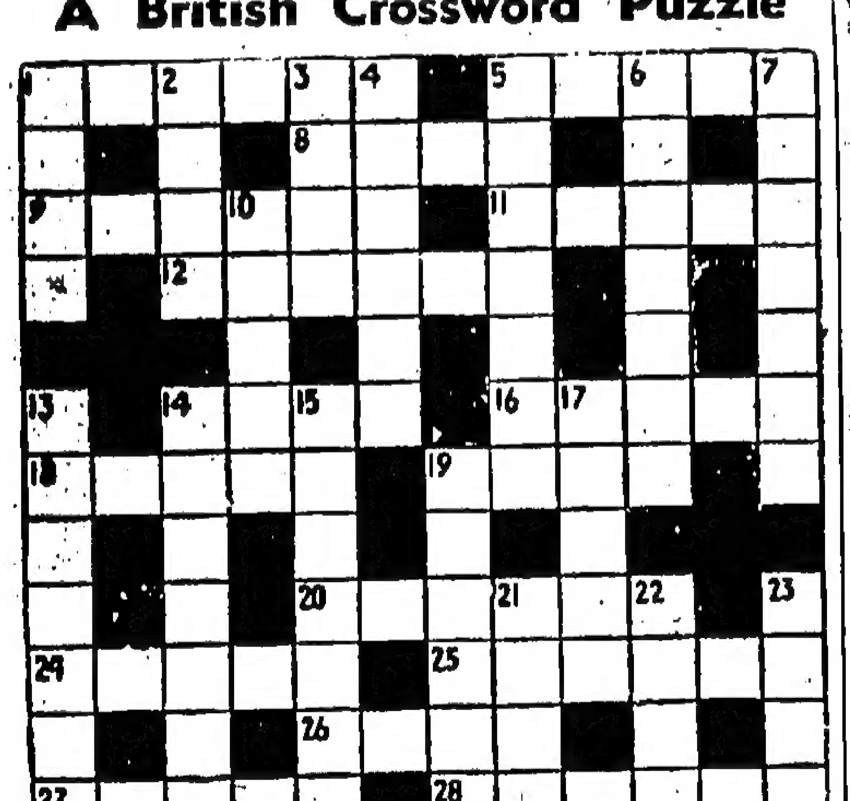
T	A	I
U	M	E
X	R	D

HOW many words of four letters or more can you make from the letters in the square on the left? In making each word, the letters in each of the small squares may be used once only. Each word *must* contain the large letter in the centre square, and there *must* be at least one nine-letter word in the list. No plurals; no foreign words; no proper names. TODAY'S TARGET: 42 words, good; 52 words, *very good*; 62 words, *excellent*. Solution on Monday.

YESTERDAY'S SOLUTION: Cist clot clout coltis colt cost cult licit list locust lost lotus lout lust occult oculist OCULISTIC oust scot scout scut silt slit slot slut solicit stoic stucco toil tolu.

London Express Service.

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

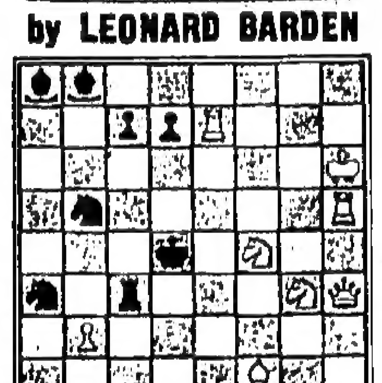
1 If big, could give you a fair ride! (6).
5 Breaks for billiards players? (5).
8 Bad habit on the bench (4).
9 Set course for Gretna? (6).
11 Unknown quantity in tens in the U.S. (5).
12 A delicate offer, seemingly (6).
14 Deal successfully with a vestment (4).
16 Possibly a REME VIP out East—and he is—(5).
18 —an Oriental this (5).
19 K.O. (4).
20 The consultant holds a monarch (6).
24 Blazing merrily? (5).
25 Even the best fish may be going off! (6).
26 Resort of the over-fastidious (4).
27 Men in a boat (5).
28 Removed all trace (6).

DOWN

1 Legal act? (4).
2 Horticultural conspiracy? (4).
3 Not odd at dusk (4).
4 It won't hold water (6).
5 Troops might beat it in more than one sense (7).
6 Twice "27" (7).
7 Blood relations in the nursing service (7).
10 Little dog has nothing for tea (5).
13 Cleric, finally deceased (7).
14 Many, being unsuccessful, are shutting up (7).
15 Just now, at any rate, it's a gift (7).
17 Would a wallflower be a suitable subject for one? (5).
19 So certain stuff may give consolation (6).
21 Row (4).
22 Spin up! (4).
23 Beyond one's prime (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 1, Maria; 4, Camber; 8, Mosaic; 10, Esher; 12, Goethe; 14, Con-tour; 17, Rapt; 19, Rapidly; 20, Sierras; 22, Lean; 23, Gimlets; 27, Sereno; 29, Cairo; 30, Garter; 31, Spring; 32, Sprat. **Down:** 1, Mimic; 2, Risen; 3, Amigo; 5, A-bet; 6, Be-head; 7, Rarity; 9, Courage; 11, Shrill; 13, Erasing; 15, Opie; 16, Turner; 18, Plot; 20, Slacks; 21, Easier; 24, Means; 25, Enter; 26, Strut; 28, Roan.

CHESS
by LEONARD BARDEN



(No. 5682)

Here is a problem by A. Bottacchi (Alfreri di Re. 1921) White play and mate in two moves.

Solution No. 5681: 1 R×P ch!, K—B2; 2 R×P ch!, K×R; 3 Q×R ch, K×R; 4 P—R4 ch. and mate next move.

London Express Service.

JACOBY on BRIDGE

NORTH's bid of three spades was to mark time. He expected to show his twelve points later on.

Now South did a little overbidding. He decided that if North held six spades to the ace, the worst that could happen at six spades would be a club finesse for the contract, so South went right into the Blackwood routine and contracted for the spade slam, once North showed one ace.

At this point North decided to do something with his twelve points. He could not bid seven, as South was obviously showing that there was a missing ace, but North could see that six no-trump ought to be a spread.

NORTH 1
♠A9865
♥KQ4
♦J10
♣Q74

WEST
♠107432
♥1098
♦Q96
♣32

EAST
♠
♥AJ7532
♦8532
♣965

SOUTH (D)
♠KQJ
♥6
♦AK74
♣AKJ108

North and South vulnerable

South	West	North	East
1♣	Pass	1♠	Pass
3♦	Pass	3♠	Pass
4N.T.	Pass	5♦	Pass
6♠	Pass	6N.T.	Pass
Pass	Pass		

Opening lead—♥10

Since the game was match point duplicate, North wanted those ten extra points.

Also, North was not proud of his spade suit and there just might be a spade trick against the hand.

North was right on both counts. Six no-trump wrapped up since South had five clubs, two diamonds, one heart and four spades in top cards, but West's five spades to the ten would have beaten the spade slam.

♥♣CARD *Sense*♠♦

Q—The bidding has been:

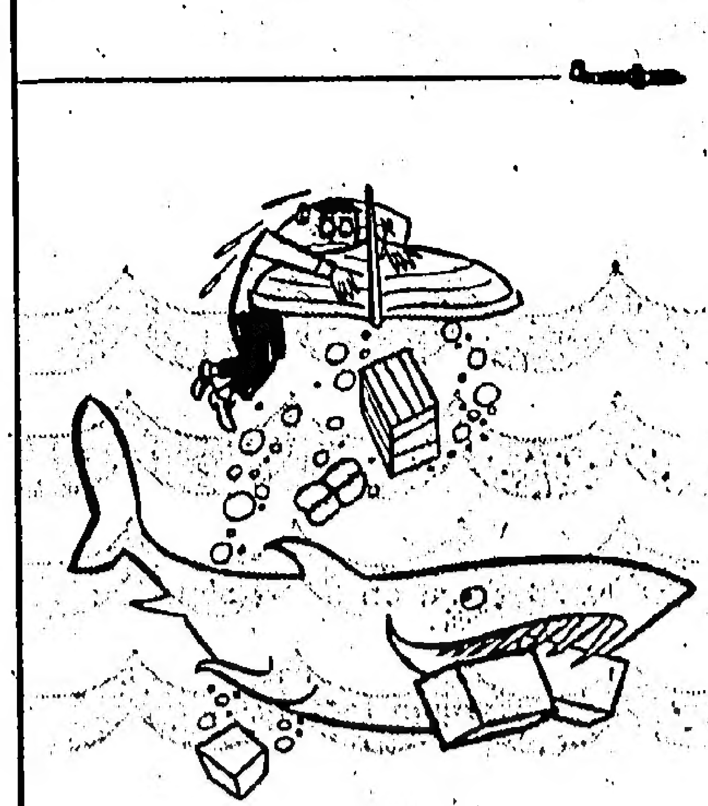
South	West	North	East
1♣	Pass	1♥	Pass
1♠	Pass	2♥	Pass
2♠	Pass	3♣	Pass
?			

You, South, hold:
♠Q965 ♥32 ♦6 ♣AQ1054
What do you do?

A—Bid four spades. There ought to be a reasonable play for game.

TODAY'S QUESTION

You open one club holding:
♠K105 ♥A32 ♦Q85 ♣AJ76
Your partner responds one spade. What do you do now?



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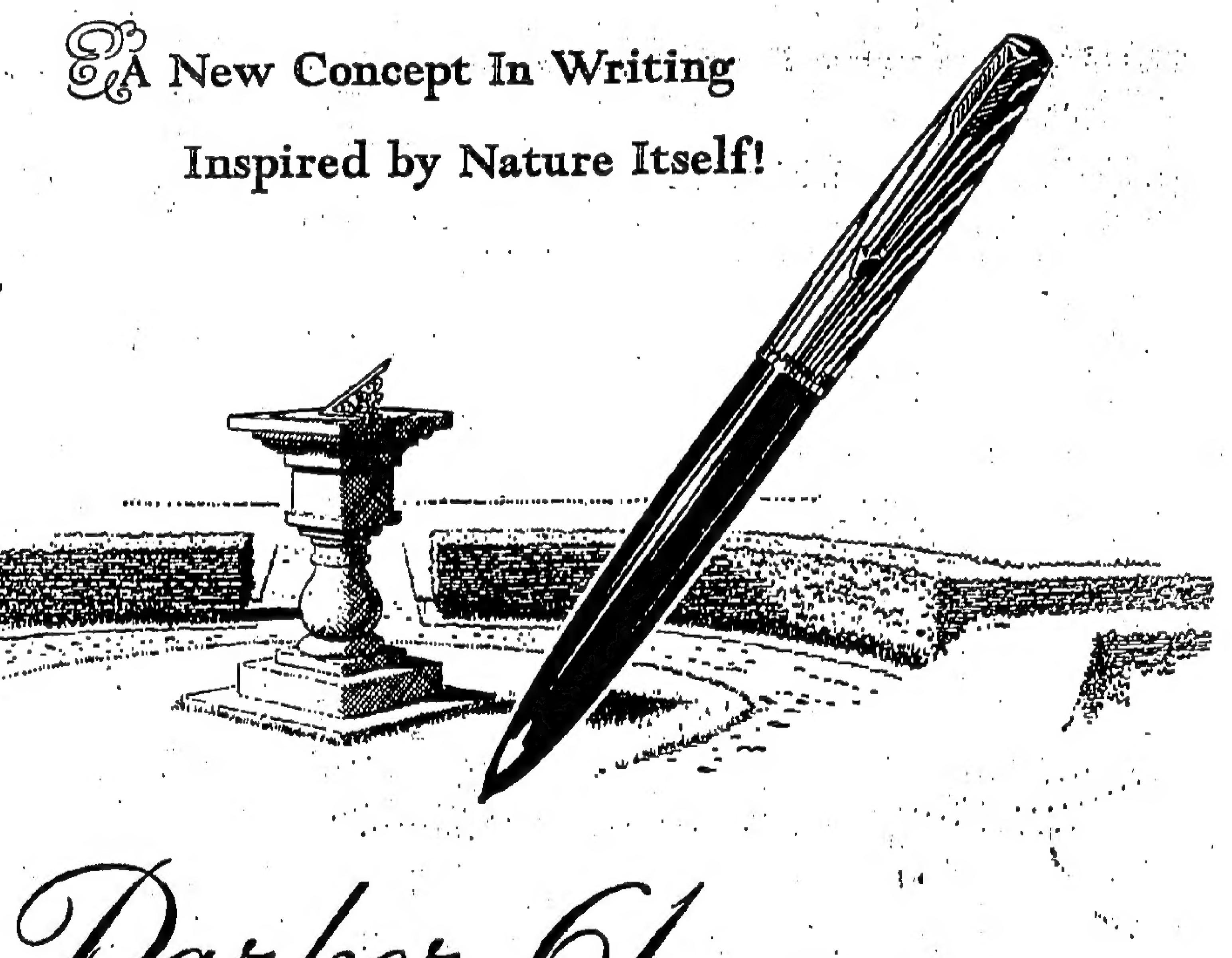

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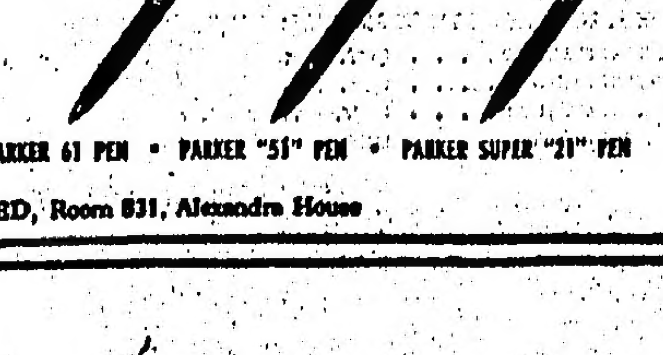

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This is the last week-end of peace . . . a mystery envoy arrives in Britain . . .

Goering bets me it won't be war

○ At dawn on September 1, Nazi troops marched on Poland . . . Hitler had acted at last. With a remarkable lack of fuss or excitement, Britain went on a wartime footing. . . .

○ But though war was now inevitable, there was still time to talk of psychiatry for a cow . . . and of glandular treatment for footballers. . .

THERE was a headline in the Sunday Express on August 27, 1939, which matched the mood of that last week-end of peace. The Germans put out a statement saying that their prize Trans-Atlantic passenger ship, the Europa, would make i's usual Monday morning call at Plymouth.

IT'S ALL RIGHT UNTIL TOMORROW, ANYWAY, said the Sunday Express.

But Monday came and the Europa didn't. She made straight for Bremen instead of calling at Plymouth.

At Southampton the following day, however, the liner Queen Mary docked after her strangest peace-time journey of all. The great liner was blacked out and battened down the moment she left New York.

Two of her passengers were Stanley Baldwin and Ernest Bevin. The first was sternly warned to leave his pipe behind and the second his cigars when they went up on deck.

"It was like being back in the jungle," said film star Maureen O'Sullivan, whose principal activity in those days was playing mate to Tarzan (Johnny Weissmuller).

In the air

You could almost smell danger in the air that week-end. Agents of the Irish Republican Army, out to exploit the crisis atmosphere for their own ends, were on the prowl.

One of them parked a bicycle by the kerb in a busy Coventry street. There was a bomb inside a box at the back. When it went off five people were killed, including a young bride-to-be looking at a tray of wedding rings in a nearby jeweller's shop.

A few hours later, a crackpot named Lawrence Alfred Hislam, from Peckham, almost got lynched by some irate women in Downing Street. He mingled with the crowd outside Number 10 and then suddenly shouted: **"THESE ARE BOMBS!"**—and threw two round objects into the road.

Women screamed and flung themselves and their children to the ground. Then, when no explosion came, they climbed angrily to their feet, and went for Hislam. The police had to go to his rescue.

THAT ASTOUNDING AUGUST: Part 3

by LEONARD MOSLEY

The "bombs" were rubber balls on which he had painted anti-war slogans.

A corset-maker in Mosley Street, Manchester, put up a sign in his window reading: *"Just because the world is in a bad shape, there is no need for you to be the same."*

Yet the situation was grim, and well the British people knew it.

From all over Germany now the troop trains were rolling towards the Polish frontier. The planes of the Luftwaffe were bombing up for the attack on Warsaw.

In Britain that detested old dame Dora was back in circulation, meaning that the Government had reinvoked the Defence of the Realm Act. Now they could not only close the pubs at will; they could also cancel trains, stop traffic on the roads, call up men and women to service, ration food and petrol, requisition houses.

Welcomed

The Fleet was being mobilised. The last reserves were being summoned to the three Services.

Yet all the signs were that the people welcomed this atmosphere of impending war rather than resented it. *"It's about time,"* you could hear folks saying. *"Let's show that bloody Hitler we're serious at last."*

But were we?

There were strange and sinister negotiations going on behind the scenes, and the Government was making every effort to prevent the public and the Press from finding out about them.

In both London and Berlin there were rumours that a mystery man was acting as intermediary between Britain and Germany in an effort to bring about peace.

Only a handful of men knew his name, and they were sworn to secrecy.

One day he talked with high Nazis in Germany. The next he was in conference with Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain and the Foreign Secretary, Lord Halifax, in London.

In one week he had travelled between Croydon and Tempelhof, the Berlin airport, six times. Yet no whisper of his comings and goings had been allowed to reach the British people. Few people will recognise his name even today.

Yet he played a dramatic role in the negotiations between two nations on the brink of war all through that dramatic week.

Through him, the Nazis hoped to dupe us into standing back while they invaded and annihilated Poland. And through him the British Government made a last desperate attempt to persuade Hitler, even at that final hour, not to go to war.

He was a self-appointed apostle of peace named Birger Dahlerus. He was a Swedish business man.

A party

In those last days of August 1939 I met Birger Dahlerus for the first and only time in my life. I had been invited by Hermann Goering, chief of the German Air Force, to a party at his country house, Karin Hall, outside Berlin.

Goering was known to be walking a tight-rope at that time so far as his relations with Hitler were concerned.

His chief rival for Hitler's favour was Himmler, the cold-blooded, murderous head of the Gestapo. Himmler wanted war. Goering believed that Germany could secure all she wanted without having to fight Britain and France — if only he could bamboozle Britain into standing aside when the attack on Poland began.

He was gay and self-confident at the party. The usual crowd of starlets had been brought in from Berlin to entertain his guests. Champagne flowed. Groups of guests squatted on the floor and played with Goering's favourite toy, an elaborate model railway.

Others wandered into the memorial building he had built in the grounds in memory of his first wife, a lovely Swede named Karin. Inside it was a bust of Karin—she died suddenly at an early age—which turned on an electrically controlled table under a spotlight when you pressed a switch.

Crowds of guests gathered around Goering as he talked, but one man stood aside, very much in the background. "War?" Goering was saying. *"There won't be any war. I give you my personal guarantee that Britain and Germany will be at peace a year from now."*

He paid

And then he said directly to me: *"I'll tell you what. I'll wager a case of champagne, Herr Mosley, that there won't be any war between Britain and Germany in 1939."*

"I hope I lose," I said, "but I don't believe I will. The bet is taken." (A case of champagne arrived for me in the Amstel Hotel, Amsterdam, in October 1939. With no name on it. But with no bill attached to it, either.)

The quiet man in the background said nothing except: "I too hope you will lose."

I asked someone who he was. "Oh, he's just one of Hermann's Swedish friends," I was told. "An old friend of Hermann's first wife. No one important." They did not even know his name.

Yet that same night the Swede, Birger Dahlerus, left Karin Hall for Britain with a special message for Neville Chamberlain from Goering. In it Goering urgently asked the British to open up renewed negotiations with Germany for the solution of the Danzig problem. Dahlerus told Halifax: "I urge you to take the request seriously and deal with Goering. He has great influence with Hitler."

A pawn

The British Government did not know, for Dahlerus did not even know it himself, that the Swede was being used as a pawn in the Nazi game to confuse the British at the last moment. He was dealt with as an all-important emissary.

And that last August week-end, when he once more flew back to Berlin, he carried a

(Continued on Page 7)

TWO GIRLS CALLED JUNE

AUGUST 31, 1939 was the day the mass-evacuation of London's children began.

Out of that gigantic operation came some of the most touching scenes—and pictures—of the century.

Among the 2,000,000 children who made tearful farewells to their parents before leaving Britain's blitz-threatened capital for the country were little June Bryant, aged four, and her brother Tony, aged five, of Clerkenwell (see right).

Waiting for the transport that was to take them to Luton, Beds, June picked up the wrong satchel. It belonged to a girl called June Dawes.

Of those first days in Luton, June says: "We cried all the time at first. We were miserable and bewildered. But we grew to love the people we were billeted with. It was a terrible wrench leaving them at the end of our stay in Luton."

Today, both June and Tony are married. June married Arthur Potts two years ago. She lives at Endymion-road, Harringay, and is expecting her first baby in December.

And Tony? He lives in Broomfield-road, Chadwell Heath, with the wife he met at a dance in London four years ago. Her name? JUNE DAWES—*the owner of the satchel his sister picked up by mistake 20 years ago*

June Bryant . .

OVER 2,000 DIED WHEN THE COLONY'S MOST DISASTROUS TYPHOON STRUCK...

Hongkong's 'Black Wednesday'

By ANDREW SLOAN

WEDNESDAY, September 23, 1874, was long-remembered by Hongkong residents as "Black Wednesday." On that day eighty-five years ago, a typhoon ripped through the Colony leaving over 2,000 dead and 45 shipwrecks in its wake.

Not a single ship in the harbour escaped damage. More than half of them were sunk, the remainder were either wrecked beyond repair, or received minor damage.

All business in the Colony stopped for two days while the damage was estimated, debris cleared and bodies removed.

According to "The Daily Press," which recorded the storm, "Hongkong was visited by the most awful typhoon which has ever been recorded in the history of the Colony."

During Tuesday afternoon the barometer began to fall, and by 8 o'clock in the evening, the wind had risen to gale force. At 2 a.m. on Wednesday the typhoon struck. For the next four hours the full fury of the storm whipped the seas into gigantic waves, hurled massive blocks of granite tens of yards, tore into houses and generally devastated the Colony.

The "Daily Press" were fortunate in finding an eye-witness to the proceedings as the typhoon began its terrible work.

In the quaint and colourful style of the day, the eye-witness, a European, told his story thus:

"As I was returning home at about 11 p.m. I decided to go down to the Praya. I have been in Hongkong for over 14 years and seen many typhoons but I do not know of any which has caused so much injury to the Colony and so much loss of life."

Poetic

When he reached the Praya he poetically described the situation: "The waves broke bright with phosphorescent light and presented a striking and awful sight."

Later, the same eye-witness said he had to grope his way along the waterfront, knee-deep in water, as "tiles and bricks were falling everywhere... from buildings."

When dawn broke over the Colony on Wednesday, and residents left their homes, or what was left of them, they were met by scenes of devastation.

An oppressive silence reigned over the Colony.

Gradually people began to move about wherever they could. In the harbour only one ship was moving. She had been lucky, as when the storm broke she had been swept out to sea. The steamer had been dismasted and taken a lot of water, but was otherwise seaworthy.

Massive

As the light grew stronger, the effect of the typhoon became more obvious.

All along the Praya, there were massive amounts of timber and debris and rocks, silent testimony to the violence of the gale.

At that time the Praya was composed of a wall of huge granite blocks linked together by large steel couplings. A string of five of these blocks, at one point along the waterfront, had been snapped free and hurled right across the road.

Still further down the road, what had once been a wharf, solidly constructed of large timber logs, had disappeared. The timbers had literally been reduced to matchwood, and they too were strewn along the waterfront.

Every single shop along the Praya was either damaged or flooded in three feet of water. Even shops quite a distance away from the seafront were flooded.

The once-proud Canton Wharf was completely disintegrated. Firstly the British barque, Mindanao had been caught in a particularly vicious gust, swept from her mooring towards the shore. As she had careered through the water the wind changed, pushing her along parallel to the Praya.

The first obstruction she encountered was the Canton Wharf.

Bow first, she sliced completely through it, and continued on her wild journey until the Pacific Wharf loomed out of the lashing sheets of rain. This time the Mindanao met her match. After the inevitable collision, she sank.

The wreck

High winds and seas accounted for the wreck of the Canton Wharf, lifting it clear out of its foundation, and throwing it across the road, completely blocking it.

During Wednesday and Thursday, heartrending scenes were witnessed as bodies washed ashore were found and identified by friends or relatives.

One ship the Spanish steamer, Albay, engulfed by the huge waves, lost 90 of its 300 passengers. Another Spanish steamer the Leonor, got into difficulties near the Engine House, and of the 47 souls on board, 30 were saved due to the gallant efforts of an official in the Engine House who took a small boat out in the height of the gale, rowed single-handed six times to the steamer, taking the people back to shore.

Later, the two ships mentioned above, broke anchor and collided close to the shore.

The body of the Leonor's captain was unexpectedly found halfway up an alley near Queen's Road.

One of the worst hit buildings on the Island, was a Catholic Church, then situated near what is now Caine Road. It was reduced to a ruin.

With the exception of the chancel, the altar stood amidst a conglomeration of masonry, stained glass, broken benches and the wreck of the organ.

In the lull after the big blow, a group of little children found their way through the wreckage and began to play with the organ-pipes.

The towering chimney of the Hongkong Sugar Company was blown down. Part of the wall was damaged, and water rushed in damaging huge quantities of sugar.

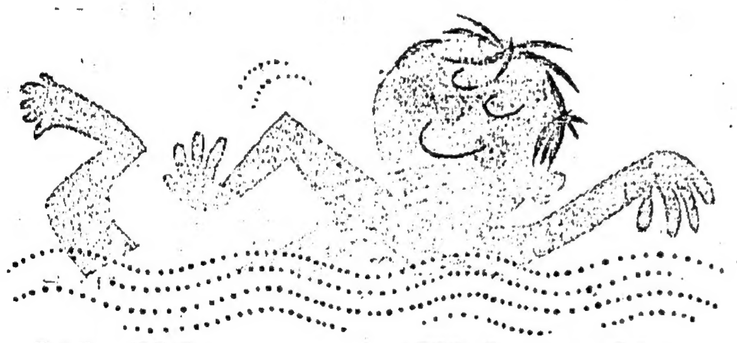
All the houses in Jardines Bazaar, facing Causeway Bay, were blown down. Throughout the Colony, houses were unroofed, verandahs blown off, and trees were strewn all over the roads.

Early in its report of the effects of the storm, the Daily Press commented that the Chinese floating population had as usual anticipated the storm. They sought refuge, in vain, at Stonecutters Island. "As all junks and sampans sought refuge there, the loss of life is feared to be very great. Hundreds of boats were wrecked, washed ashore or sunk during the night."

Although the Colony was back to normal about two weeks after the visitation of the typhoon, it was much longer before talk of personal experiences, or individual acts of bravery, were lost as politics in Europe began to change the face of the British outlook in the East.

NEXT WEEK:

The Great Storm



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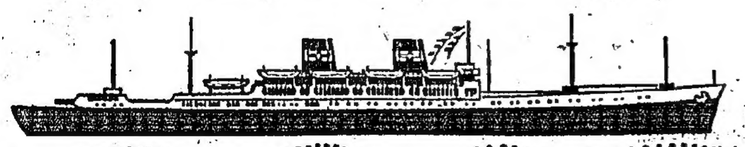

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by Beachcomber

I AM asked why a penny dated 1933 (a year in which only six pennies were minted) should be worth £30,000.

The simplest answer is that there must be someone somewhere who is willing to pay £30,000 for a penny. It is an answer that leaves one marvelling at the rich variety of life. I doubt if any bibliolater would offer as much for a first edition of "Romola" with a misplaced comma on page 174.

An Englishman's home

A MAN who lives in a London street excessively popular with traffic complains that he finds it difficult to distinguish the cars parked outside his house from those that are making the necessary contribution to a prolonged jam. As the cars encroach on more and more of the pavement, he finds egress from his house impossible. Is he entitled to clamber over the roofs of cars, in order to make his way out of the street? It seems to be an *impasse*, as the contortionist said when he tried to thrust both legs into one shirt sleeve.

In darkest Ahahaland

LIKE a man who expects a crocodile to emerge from a swamp in the jungle, and is surprised by a ferret, I stood and stared unbelievingly. Out of a West-country solicitor's office came a Red Indian in war panoply. I expected him to say, as they do on the films, " Um ba," or words to that effect. But he said, "Tell Charles I've gone to the fancy dress ball." "Chief Gurgling Water him no care twopence," I replied, making a smoke signal with my cigarette.

—(London Express Service).

. . . and then the heartache . . . all London stops to allow the children to leave

(Continued from Page 6)

private letter to Goering from Halifax. It assured Goering of Britain's definite wish to come to an understanding with Germany.

If the British public had known about it at the time, then indeed there might have been panic and certainly anger—at the thought that the Government was once more ready to bow to the Nazis. When Goering got the letter, he bounced with joy. At midnight that night, Hitler himself sent for Birger Dahlerus. He questioned him closely about the mood of the British people.

It was not the end of Birger Dahlerus's strange mission. He made three more journeys between London and Berlin. At a time when all Europe's aeroplanes had been grounded, and a radar screen had been thrown around Britain, he was allowed to come in twice in a German plane.

MYSTERY PLANE ARRIVES AT CROYDON. MESSAGE FROM HITLER? said the headlines in the newspapers. But no one guessed who was aboard it, and, for the second trip, he was routed secretly through Heston.

Dahlerus was a good-hearted lover of peace. But his efforts for peace were not only ineffectual. They created confusion in the British Cabinet. And they convinced the Nazis, particularly Hitler and Goering, that the British were not serious after all. And that, when the time came, they would not go to war in support of their Polish Allies.

But, of course, the British public knew nothing of all these last-minute hole-in-the-corner negotiations, and would undoubtedly have been enraged had they done so.

For they were now calmly facing up to certainty of war, and "no more mucking about with Hitler."

Buzzards

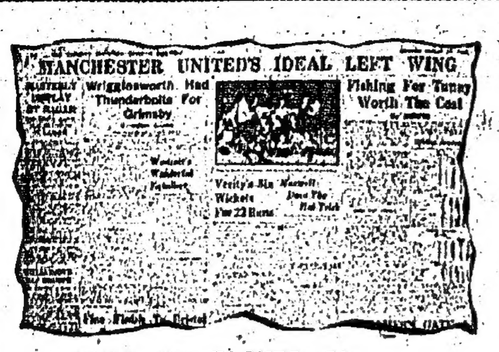
It was typical of the situation that, in the village of West Witley, near Godalming, Surrey, that last week-end of peace, the natives were staring apprehensively at dark shapes swooping over their heads.

But it was not Nazi bombers they were worrying about. The target of their irritation was the action of a local landlord, Mr David Leigh, in bringing a flock of buzzards down to his estate "to kill off the rabbits."

Said a spokesman for the villagers: "They're much more likely to peck out the eyes of our babies while our wives are on war work." And they were petitioning Surrey County Council to have the buzzards grounded for the duration.

A housewife named Mrs Celia Dale probably summed up the mood of the nation when she said:—

"As I came out of work this morning a large barrage balloon tethered close by the end of my road dipped its snout at me. They've got men standing by ready to operate the blackout. Until the Government told us to stop hoarding yesterday, I've been spending all my extra money on groceries. Yet somehow I'm not worried. You remember those awful days in the crisis of September 1938, when each piece of news made your heart sink a little further; when the ugliest buildings in the street seemed dear; when I could hardly bear my husband out of my sight, so frightened was I that I should soon have his company no longer. We were afraid and we showed it. But now things are different. We've regained our courage."



STILL WE PLAYED ON . . .

REMEMBER *that the football season opened as usual?*

'At last we have regained our courage'

The pilot

At Hornchurch, in Essex, the Spitfires and their pilots were standing-to. But one young fighter-pilot looked at them sourly, for the possibility seemed strong that, if war came, he would be taking no part in the fight in the air.

He was on the sick list, and the chances were that he would stay there for the duration.

Three months before, the young flight lieutenant, a New Zealander named Deere, had taken his Spitfire up above the Thames estuary on a practice patrol. The oxygen system used at the time in fighter planes required the pilot to increase the flow every five thousand feet.

This time Deere forgot. His oxygen supply was set for five thousand feet, and when his plane reached 27,000 feet, after a steep climb, he blacked-out. By the time he regained consciousness, his Spitfire had turned over on its back and was diving straight for the sea.

He pulled hard at the controls, desperately trying to bring the plane out of its dive; and as he did so, he was aware of a terrible pain in his head. At last he levelled out and brought the Spitfire back to Hornchurch, after which he collapsed. He had burst his eardrum.

Flight-Lieutenant Deere spent the crisis week-end of August 1939 humping sandbags and helping civilian workers to build dispersal pens around the Spitfires parked over the airfield. He was also worried about his forthcoming medical. Would the doctors pass him for operations?

They looked him over. Heart good. Blood count, too. General condition perfect. But when they came to the ear, the flight-lieutenant could see the doubt begin to kindle in the specialist's eyes.

"Sear's healed all right," he said. "But I don't know. A sudden steep dive and—well, anything could happen."

My skill

Deere said in desperation: "Look, doc, what does it matter? If I get into a dog-fight with a Hun, I'm not going to shoot him down with my ear. It's my eyes, my brain, and my skill that will matter. I could be stone deaf and still fight him. Don't ground me, for God's sake, doc."

The specialist paused, and then nodded his head. "Okay," he said. "But the moment anything, and I mean anything, goes wrong with that ear, you come and tell me."

"But of course, doc," said the jubilant Deere, and rushed out to tell his pals the news. He had carefully concealed from the specialist the fact that he had already been up in a Spitfire to test his wonky ear. When he climbed the plane or dived it swiftly, the ear clogged—and ached.

Not that it seemed to make much difference to his future career. For in the Battle of Britain that was to come a few months later, Flight-Lieutenant Alan C. Deere—known to some of his ground crew as Old Earache — became one of the greatest aces of them all. His total score was 22 enemy aircraft destroyed, 10 probables, and 18 damaged.

By the end of the war, he had also collected for himself the D.S.O. and the D.F.C.

No fuss

With a remarkable lack of fuss or excitement, Britain was moving on to a war basis. True, normal life went on side by side with the mobilisation.

In Brighton, Noel Gay's new show, "Run, Rabbit, Run," was a smash hit, with Bud Flanagan in the leading role.

In Bristol, two great musical stars of the day, Jessie Matthews and Sonnie Hale, had sunk all their savings in a new show. They had chosen a prophetic title, for they called it "I Can Take It." London never had a chance to see it, for it closed with the outbreak of war, bringing the two stars to the verge of bankruptcy.

There was an all-important meeting of the Football League, not to discuss the war but to argue about glands. Some clubs had been experimenting with glandular treatment for their players, and were now trying to make it compulsory.

The big question was: Should a star player be forced to take the treatment against his will? The Football League decided that it must remain entirely voluntary until further information was forthcoming about its long-term effects.

REMEMBER: *"My patience almost exhausted"?*

A complex

In Aston Abbots, near Aylesbury, a crowd gathered over the crisis week-end to greet not an A.R.P. parade but a cow named Fancy. Fancy had just won the championship as the best milk-giving Jersey cow in Britain—and what made her extra-special was the fact that she had done it thanks to psychiatry.

"A year ago," said her herdsman, Malcolm Bradbury, "Fancy had a terrible inferiority complex. She only gave 360 gallons of milk a year. So I decided to psycho-analyse her.

"You see, the ordinary cow is more like a human being than a monkey is. Fancy felt neglected. She didn't like mechanical milkers. I put her in a shed by herself, hand - milked her, groomed her, spoke gently to her and gave her special food.

"I sacked one of the cowmen because he was too harsh-voiced and disturbed her. Fancy perked up wonderfully. And now look at her—2,000 gallons of milk this year, and the medal for the best milker in the row."

But side by side with these indications that England was still England, the nation was quietly getting into a fighting position.

Around a pool in the grounds of a Hampshire mansion, where the millionaire owner would normally have been frolicking with his debutante guests, typists from Lombard Street were taking dictation from their bosses. The mansion was the new "emergency" headquarters of a famous City bank. A sign on the diving board said: "No bathing between nine and five."

Lunacy . . .

The B.B.C. too was moving its staff out of London.

With what can only be described as inspired lunacy, the gregarious members of the Variety Department were shipped to the stern, Nonconformist town of Bangor, in North Wales. They stood out from the natives like a handful of sore thumbs, especially when they discovered that the town, including all the pubs, shut up tight on Sundays.

It was in Bangor, later on, that comedian Jack Train, wandering on a Sunday through the all-dry town, was beckoned into a back parlour by one of Bangor's citizens and asked to take a glass of beer.

"I don't mind if I do," said the thirsty Train, gratefully, and out of this incident his famous character, Colonel Chinstrap, the ever-thirsty warrior, was born.

No order

The evacuation was on for hundreds of big firms in London and the other great cities of Britain. The idea was to get them out as quickly and as quietly as possible, before war and the Nazi bombers came.

Aboard British ships at sea, the captains were now under the control of the Admiralty. Tourists aboard the P & O liner Strathmore, settling down to a Mediterranean cruise, woke up to find themselves on their way to Bermuda. All other British cruise liners were making it at full speed back to Britain.

Amid all these emergency moves, one element in the nation remained static: the children, although evacuation plans for them had been made months ago.

Now Herbert Morrison, M.P., the leader of the L.C.C., with the lives of 2,000,000 London children to worry about, repeatedly told Whitehall: *"We must get the children out."*

But the Government would not give the order for them to go.

Morrison ordered the children to report to their schools, ready for evacuation. With their gas-masks (Small Children's Size) over their shoulders, they streamed into the classrooms in Peckham, Limehouse, Kensington, Hampstead and Putney.

Most of their mothers came with them, hovering anxiously over them, trying desperately not to cry.

And all day, throughout August 29, the children waited. *"What's gone wrong?"* asked the parents. *"Why don't they get the kids away?"*

Morrison was at 10, Downing Street trying to find the answer to the same question. To Sir Horace Wilson, the Prime Minister's chief adviser, he stressed the urgency of the situation.

Responsible

"Terror," he said. "That's the Nazi technique. They go for the children first, knowing that if the parents are worried about their youngsters they'll lose the will to fight. That's what we've got to avoid. We've got to move the children out of London to safety—so that the mothers won't have to worry about them and can get on with the job."

But Sir Horace and his chief would not give the order. What Morrison did not know was that the mystery Swede, Birger Dahlerus, was really responsible for the delay. He had persuaded Chamberlain and Wilson that there was still hope of doing a deal with Hitler.

And in Downing Street, the way the minds were working was this: "There is still a slender hope of saving the peace. Hitler may still agree to talk. At all costs we mustn't upset him now. And he may be upset if he hears that we are evacuating the children. He will think that we are determined on war, anyway."

It was muddled thinking of the worst kind. But it kept 2,000,000 children in London chained to the capital for nearly three days. They sat in their schools throughout August 29, and then were sent home again.

They came again on August 30, and still they waited. The mothers were growing tearful now. The nerves of the teachers were shredded. And the children were beginning to look for trouble.

Message

It was not until that night, when even the sanguine mind of Neville Chamberlain could no longer contemplate snatching peace out of the mounting flames, that Morrison got the order to let the children go.

On August 31, 1939, the people of London witnessed a spectacle that, one hopes, no other generation will ever have to see.

Trains and bus services were cancelled. Roads were closed. As parents and relatives lined the pavements, the children filed out of the schools and climbed aboard the buses that were to take them to the safety of the country.

Few people cried. The children, now the signal had been given, were in high spirits.

But as the buses moved off towards the suburbs, something seemed to clutch the heart of every man and woman who watched them going, and wondered whether they would ever see them back.

To the people of London came a message from Herbert Morrison. It was a masterpiece of cool, calm unsentimental prose that exactly fitted the mood and the moment.

"To the Children: With your teachers and friendly helpers, you are going to the country, where the Government considers you will be safer than in London if war should come; I want you to be cheerful and friendly on the journey and when you get to the other end.

"To Parents: I know you will have anxieties at this trying time. I understand your feelings. You will be cheered by the knowledge that it is better for the children to be out of London as things are.

"To all others: Keep calm. Keep a cheerful British smile on your lips. Don't get nervy. Remember there are others actively engaged in the service of our country whose troubles may be much graver. Smile, smile, smile."

But in the childless capital of the British Empire that night it was hard to smile. London seemed strangely quiet. The cries of 2,000,000 children, the shouting and the laughing, had disappeared from the great city's streets.

At last . . .

At dawn on Friday, September, 1, 1939, Nazi troops crossed the frontiers of East Prussia into Poland. Hermann Goering gave the order, and the bombers of the Luftwaffe swept out to bomb Warsaw into submission.

It had come at last.

Poland was under attack. Britain and France were pledged by treaty to come at once to the aid of their ally.

The eyes of the nation and of the Empire turned towards Downing Street as they waited for the declaration of war.

But it did not come. Danzig fell into Nazi hands. The Nazi armies began to roll back the Poles. In Warsaw the cries of the dying rose as Nazi bombs crashed upon the city.

Still no word from Downing Street. September 1 came and went. It was Saturday now.

When night came, and there was still no declaration, people for the first time became restless and uneasy. Was Britain going to break its word? Were we going to renege on our promise to Poland?

Everyone began to ask: "Has something gone wrong?"

It had indeed. And there was something like panic in Downing Street.

—(*London Express Service*).

NEXT WEEK:

The anxious wait

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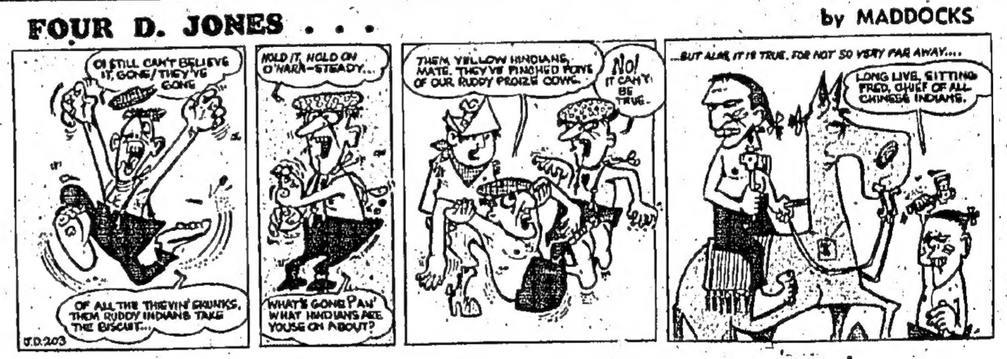
FOUR D. JONES . . . by MADDOCKS



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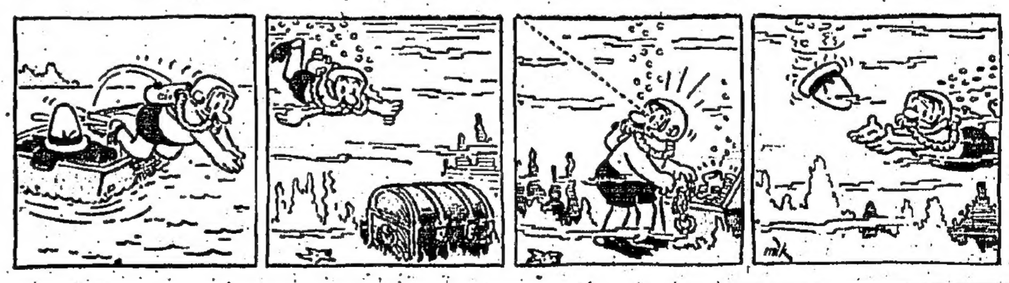

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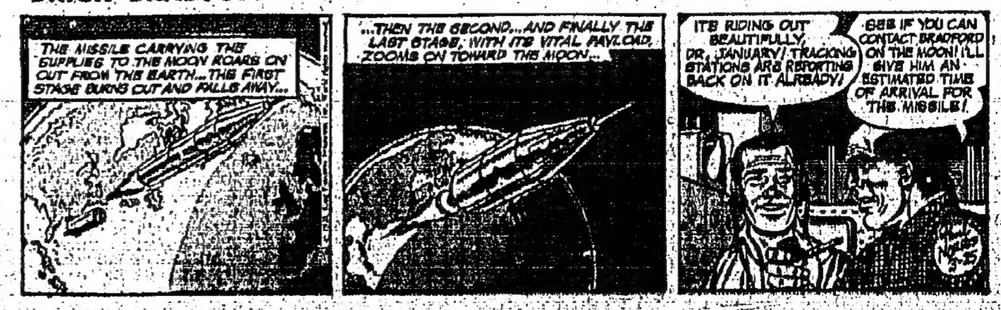
BRICK BRADFORD By Paul Norris



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ARE THE GOSPELS REALLY TRUE? PART FOUR

A scrap of paper upsets the critics

Nazareth, the village of Christ's boyhood. Today, 19 centuries later, the same kind of people squat on the same dusty earth and haggle over the price of merchandise. This is the scene of the fourth instalment of the China Mail investigator's Holy Land despatches.

by GEOFFREY ASHE

JUST outside Nazareth a small Arab boy had spat with copious accuracy at our car's Jewish windscreen. The town itself was filled with his fellow-nationals, but in the cool of approaching evening it was still a place which invited you to stop, quite apart from its associations.

The view across the valley was beautiful, the Franciscan church and chapels were tasteful. But I found nothing on the site to recall the Holy Family.

Even our obliging guide did not venture to point out the original carpenter's shop. All that remained was a cave-cellar in the grey rock, with no traces of the trade plied there.

It struck me that this was as it should be. The Founder of Christianity is not, after all, portrayed in the Gospels doing carpentry. His life as a manual worker is barely mentioned. He is a classless figure.

A few yards down the street I came face to face with another world power and a contrasting ideal. Over a shop front was the sign:

WORKERS' BANK.

For in the home town of Jesus, the Communist Party dominates local affairs.

Nazareth is an Arab centre annexed by the Israelis during their war of Independence. It clings to the side of a steep hill. Higher up than the older quarters is a brash Jewish housing development, built, say the Arabs, to overawe them. Communism thrives by exploiting such feelings.

Parallels are drawn sometimes between the Communist Party and the Church. Those who draw them seldom have any inside knowledge of either. But one real likeness is worth pausing over, because it helps to clear away a very common misunderstanding about the Gospels and the New Testament.

'Scriptures'

Communism has its "scriptures"—Ma: , Lenin, and so forth—but essentially it is a creed taught and practised by the Communist Party. It is an affair of *people*, not books.

In the same way, the early Christian religion was not an abstract dogma distilled from the Bible. It was the way of life taught and practised by the Church. To this extent, it was, like Communism, an affair of *people*, not books.

What mattered to an early Christian was the group of eye-witnesses and inspired teachers. The Apostles who had known the Lord, their followers and helpers and friends . . . Peter, John, Paul, Mark, Luke, and others like them.

These were the authorities, the guardians of a well-kept tradition.

No Proof?

Let us look at the men who wrote the Gospels. Who were they? How reliable was this Apostolic tradition they drew on? And above all *when did they write?*

The last question is, in a way, the most important of all. The date of the Gospels is the key-stone of the arch. If they are not the work of first-century authors, but of forgers many years later, then no amount of incidental support can make them look trustworthy, because they are too remote from the events and fundamentally bogus.

Realising this, the critics of Christianity in our great-grandparents' day concentrated their fire on the date problem. They stressed that we had no original manuscripts, and said there was no proof that first-century originals ever existed.

For a while it looked to many as if they had carried their point, and the Gospels had really been exposed as fabrications.

Little by little, however, it turned out that the point had not been carried. The twentieth century has been a time of continuous retreat by the critics.

But the crucial question WHEN? can still usefully be asked. As a step towards answering it, consider St John, and follow a strange thread that leads from Galilee to Manchester.

John, a fisherman, appears in the Gospels as fiery and impatient, with a deep personal attachment to Jesus. He lived on till nearly A.D. 100. According to tradition, the Fourth Gospel is a collection of his meditations and reminiscences dictated in old age and put together by a friend.

It's Enough

This Gospel does differ a good deal from the others, and does look as if it were later. For many years it was the trump card of sceptics. It *"could not have been written by John" . . . it "was obviously composed about the year 200."*

They were wrong.

In the John Rylands Library at Manchester is a scrap of papyrus dating from the reign of the Emperor Hadrian, perhaps as early as A.D. 120. On it is part of the eighteenth chapter of the Fourth Gospel.

This frail shred of matter is enough in itself to upset every attack on the Gospels' authenticity.

If St John's Gospel was known and copied so early there is no reason why it should not actually be his work.

If "John" was written towards the turn of the first century then "Matthew," "Mark," and "Luke," which are earlier, were written well back in the same century.

And if they were, then there is no reason why they should not have been written by Matthew, Mark, and Luke.

And whether they were or not, they were written when eye-witnesses were still alive and available; when the records of the young Church were intact; when no major heretic had yet stirred up confusion.

It is now held generally that Mark was written not later than A.D. 65; Matthew and Luke not later than 85; John not later than 100.

There is, of course, other evidence besides that papyrus. Quotations from the Gospels have been identified in other books which are known to be early, so that the Gospels themselves must be even earlier.

Complete manuscript copies exist going back much further in time than the oldest copies of most other ancient books, and there is no trace at any stage of serious tampering.

The Codex Sinaiticus in the British Museum, which cost the Government £100,000, carries us back a long way. Yet other texts carry us back further still, centuries further, clear across the Dark Ages into the late sunshine of the Roman Empire—*and always the story is the same.*

The Words

What about the quality of the information? John, to begin with, gives us the words of an Apostle, one of the closest to Jesus of the Twelve. We could hardly ask for more. However, we get more. The next figure who needs looking at is a surprising one—Peter.

The chief of the Apostles, Peter governed the Church from Antioch and later from Rome, where he was crucified upside down by Emperor Nero. In the course of his travels he acquired an interpreter named Mark, and this interpreter wrote the Second Gospel. It is almost certainly a collection of stories told by Peter.

So Mark takes us close to the very fountainhead, to the chief of the Apostles himself. In effect his Gospel is St Peter's Gospel. We could hardly hope to get nearer the source than that.

Mark's Gospel is the oldest, and Matthew and Luke copy from it.

Luke's case is interesting. He was a Gentile doctor and a follower of St Paul, and he wrote the Acts. He approaches his task in a Greek rather than a Jewish spirit, imitating the methods of the Greek historians, and quoting dates, places, and names to put his story in its historical setting.

No Real Gap

Most convincing of all, perhaps, is the way he gives his characters their correct titles:—

Thus: *"In the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Caesar, Pontius Pilate being governor of Judaea, and Herod being tetrarch of Galilee, and his brother Philip tetrarch of Ituraea, and of the region of Trachonitis, and Lysanias the tetrarch of Abilene, Annas and Caiaphas being the high priests. . . ."*

Because Luke does this kind of thing, we can check what he says from other, non-Christian historians. And he seems to be always right. He knows when each emperor reigned; he knows governors' terms of office; he refers to political events and local cults and famous buildings with steady accuracy.

Sir William Ramsay, a leading authority on the period, once set out to prove that much of the writing attributed to Luke was not really his.

He ended by owning his belief that the Gospel and Acts were genuine and that Luke was reliable. More than reliable, said Sir William: *He was one of the finest ancient historians of all, a rival of Tacitus and Thucydides.*

Dr Albert Schweitzer, too, after long probing of the evidence, has declared that we know more about Jesus—in a factual, historical sense—than about almost any other figure of the first century.

There is no real gap at all, no room for the growth of falsification. So long as they lived, the Apostles were desperately careful that the sacred tradition should be kept pure.

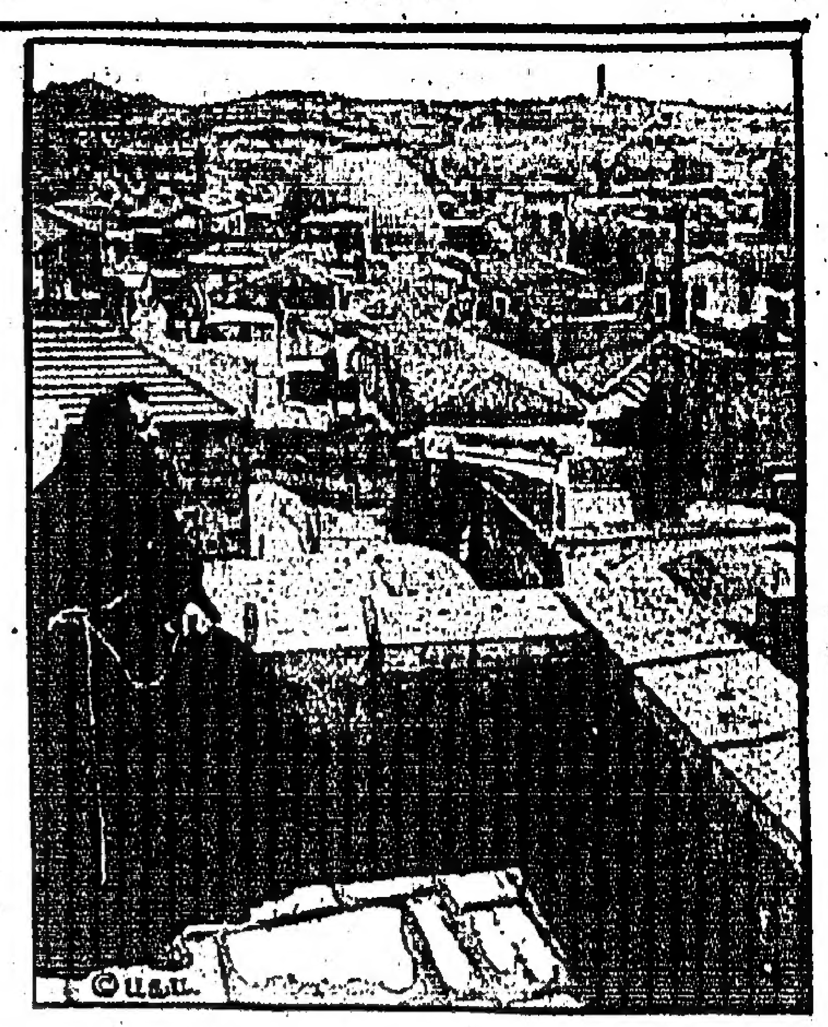
The Last Act

When we turn to the last act of the drama, as it is played out in Jerusalem, that integrity of theirs can almost be felt.

On their own showing, it seems, they failed to understand what was happening, and ignominiously deserted their Master. If they had ever altered the story, or allowed anyone else to do so, the result would surely have been more creditable to them. I conclude that they did not alter it, and that the Gospels pass it on unimpaired.

The last act of the drama. . . . Sooner or later, one must face south again from Galilee to Jerusalem. From green fields and kindly waters to Old Testament deserts, to dusty scorching hills, to the crowds and clamours of a walled city which was tense 19 centuries ago and is tense today. There lies the centre of the maze.

—(London Express Service).



JERUSALEM—with the Mount of Olives in the background.

Greener Grass

London.

HOW true it is, that old adage about the grass always being greener on the other side of the fence.

Here in Britain we are gradually transforming our towns and villages and suburbs into slick, American-style places.

Inevitable victims of this process have been the old-fashioned gas street lamps beloved of those film-makers who specialise in Victorian thrillers (remember successes like "Gaslight" and "Fanny by Gaslight"). They have given way to ighly efficient, but completely unimaginative concrete monstrosities.

But if we are prepared to throw our old lamps on to the scrap heap, it seems there are Americans willing to rescue and cherish them.

Miners from around Fort Worth, Texas, are in the market for these relics which they are erecting in what must be a highly-incongruous "English" village back home.

—Peter Burgoyne

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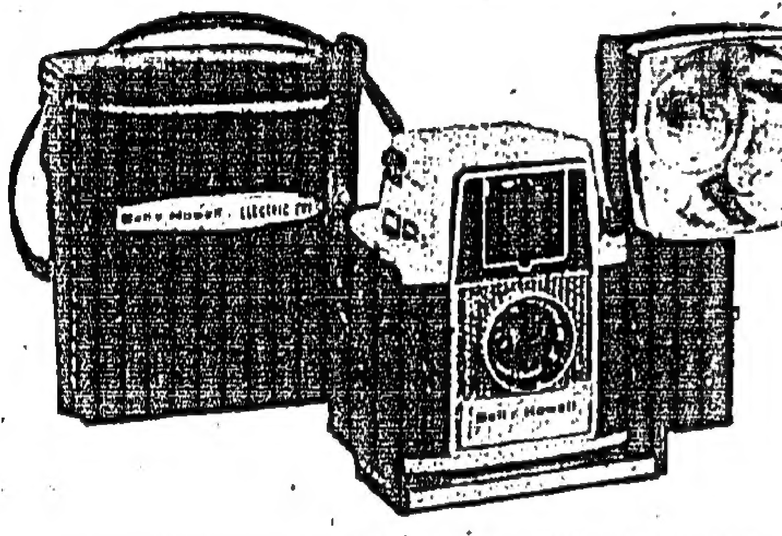

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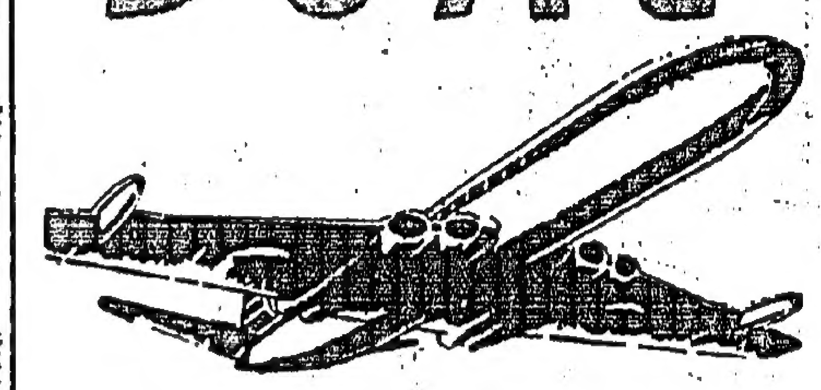

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QUIET FASHION IS THE HALLMARK OF KATJA AND RICCI

"PARIS Trend" is a form of fashion magic. This is a success scheme which began growing steadily in 1954, and whose ultimate development is still not fully exploited. But to you and me it means Paris-inspired clothes which we can really afford.

by Patricia Douglas

The Paris salon of NINA RICCI has always been quiet and modest — in fact, shy of publicity. It has always concerned itself with the discriminating woman and buyer, and has never sought sensation.

Nevertheless, without seeking the limelight, this season the names of NINA RICCI and the head designer JULES-FRANCOIS CRAHAY are upon everyone's lips. At the last collection, they made Press headlines. The clothes were hailed enthusiastically as the first real fashion news for a long time.

One person was not surprised by this furore. She is MRS M. G. GERDES, Fashion Controller of Selfridges and Director of Bon Marche, Liverpool. For many years she has held the highest opinion of clothes from this French House, and in 1954 she first launched the "Paris Trend" liason scheme, destined to bring Nina Ricci inspired clothes within reach of every woman. This was a far from simple task.

Years before this, Mrs Gerdes had worked in co-operation with a number of French couturiers—among them Nina Ricci. And it was in this particular salon that she found clothes which were wearable, interesting and beautifully made. She found the directors co-operative and understanding of the ordinary woman's needs, and she decided then to expand a growing success. It is a testimony to all concerned, that this is the only effort of its kind to have survived so long, and, indeed, to have expanded over the years.

Today, Paris Trend is a complete collection inspired by Nina Ricci and manufactured by leading London wholesalers. (A real entente cordiale!)

To make certain that the true spirit of the original models is retained in full essence, Nina Ricci's designer, M. Crahay, comes over regularly to inspect the Paris Trend models. Each and every detail is checked for style workmanship, finish and, above all, to ensure that no "alien" detail has crept in inadvertently. The garment must be technically worthy of its label, for one of M. Crahay's greatest gifts, thinks Mrs Gerdes, is his "completeness" as a designer. He not only envisages style and line, but is a true technician and perfectionist.

No Flash

"His talent is no 'flash in the pan'", says Mrs Gerdes, "but a true creative gift which has constantly matured". This foresight led her to sponsor Nina Ricci clothes long before the current Press ovation.

Perhaps timing is one of the greatest factors in this mystery of fashion. Dior had designing genius, but he felt the mood of the feminine world—especially when he launched the New Look after years of austerity clothes.

This season the world was tired of sacks, chemises and Empire lines. The mood was weary and uncertain. And into this Jules-Francois Crahay launched—or gave back to us—the first curves we have had for a long time. His rounded lines, cinched waists, cape collars and belled skirts were all seized upon. So were "gimmicks", such as the long, belted bush jacket similar to the one worn by the Australians.

But the real force of his designs may not be seen until next season, and many will not be fully accepted by the public until some months after that. In his collection there was a strong hint of things to come—the return of a more tailored silhouette, with a longer jacket, long slim revers and even a masculine fastening of three buttons with one left undone. After so many seasons of dressmaker suits we may be about to return to the classic tailored suit beloved by English women, but this time with a new silhouette.

Meanwhile in the Paris Trend current collection, Spring suits are delightfully wearable. "Worsted cord", says Selfridges suit buyer, "has been a big success. So have worsted boucles and the very light tweeds." One very lovely fabric used for the suit illustrated is a fine wool and lambswool with a herringbone design. Coats are in curly worsted boucle. M. Crahay has a particular weakness for worsted Glen checks, dogtooths and puppy tooths.

The Paris Trend collection runs from about 8½ gns. for a dress, slowly climbing upwards to about £35 for a really fabulous evening gown. A suit or coat, completely faithful to its Paris inspiration and approved by its designer, costs no more than any other garment of average price.

This fashion story has not reached its climax. To all concerned in its success, the intention is to carry on quietly with steady controlled expansion as in the past. Meanwhile as the fashion world waits and watches to see what may happen next, tribute has to be paid to Mme. Nina Ricci, M. Robert Ricci . . . to the talent of its head designer Jules Francois-Crahay, and to a store and its Fashion Controller, Mrs Gerdes, who together have succeeded in bringing the art of good dressing a step nearer to everyone.

An Individual Designer

A complete individualist, who does not believe in adaptations or copies, is KATJA OF SWEDEN. She has just shown her collection in London for the first time.

Katja—in private life Mrs Geiger, and wife of the producer of the famous film, "Open City"—has been brought up in the world of art. From her earliest childhood, she learned to understand art and, above all, form and shape from her father, who was a famous ceramic designer. At 10, she went to New York to study and through the years she has learned to apply to textiles and fashion the same uncluttered, lovely lines which we see in Scandinavian silverware, pottery and furniture.

Katja, a beautiful blonde, loathes extreme clothes. "A woman should not be remembered for her dress", she says, "but the garment should express her personality." Dressed in a loosely woven blonde wool suit, Katja was completely "matched up" —moreover, by her own designs—with a blonde satin scarf and blonde shoes.

Her system is probably unique. She designs unusual textiles . . . shoes . . . bags and clothes, and these are manufactured under contract by various factories. She has seven students in her home (living in) and a friend who designs wool hats to match her suits and dresses. One factory produces machine knit textiles, another hand woven textiles and still another, the jersey materials which she loves.

There are matching pull-on hats in wool fabric or jersey, trimmed with contrast jersey bands or flowers. There are wonderfully large tweedy "handbags" and travel carryalls slung on wooden handles, and absolutely enormous sweaters which form part of interchangeable outfits of slacks, jerseys, skirts and jackets.

Colours spill over. They are vibrant, alive, but never glaring. One sweater I adored combined beige with white in one broad stripe, beige with brown in another, and beige with black in a third.

These clothes which will be on sale in the Autumn are casual, comfortable, and absolutely individual, new and different. They will not date. They are suited to every woman. They have been designed by a beautiful woman who loves beauty, but refuses to be tied down by any form of convention.

Even her private life has been streamlined to fit the pattern. Her husband has temporarily abandoned films to help her and to take care of the housekeeping on a grand scale. He will buy a couple of pigs, a calf, get a woman to cut them up, and then put them in the deep freeze, so that food is always available.

Katja is modern, streamlined and completely uncluttered. In the same way, her beautiful wool suits, dresses, hats and handbags are beautifully unique and positively scaled to suit our contemporary way of living.

Left: Handwoven wool easy-fit suit in dark green with novelty white band repeated on matching wool hat and handbag. Shoes, too, are Katja of Sweden's own design.

Centre: Lounging suit in shades of burned orange loose weave wool — again by Katja. The top has loose cowl neckline. Pants are sleek and slim and worn with white calf boots buckled in gold.

Lower left: A more formal dress by Katja in red wool jersey, with low back neckline. It is an adaptable wraparound giving shape to the midriff. A matching hat, with self flower can be worn with this chic dress.

Paris Trend clothes inspired by Nina Ricci show (top right) a beautiful Spring suit in 100 per cent worsted wool cord. The jacket has intricate channel seaming and a petal hemline. Price about 17 gns.

Below: A new, near-straight jacketed suit in lambswool herringbone. This lovely suit with tie front, low-lying neckline and ¾ sleeves comes in a variety of gentle colours with white and costs only 12½ gns.

LADY LUCK— your CHINA MAIL horoscope

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12

AQUARIUS (January 21-February 19): An interesting stranger will stimulate you to be more than usually eloquent and witty.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Although you have made no definite plans, this will turn out to be an exciting day for you.

ARIES (March 21-April 19): Social activity may be demanding too much of your time. Select only those contacts which you consider worth while.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): Your inclination to have only a few chosen friends may be depriving you of a great many joys.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): A pleasurable outing will bring you in contact with some delightful people.

CANCER (June 22-July 21): There is an opportunity for you to enjoy the limelight for a deed well done.

LEO (July 22-August 21): Your holiday plans ought to be formulated soon and detailed arrangements made.

VIRGO (August 22-September 22): Do not give in to the depressing thoughts which have made you poor company of late.

LIBRA (September 23-October 22): A difficult situation may develop which can easily be solved by a little good will on both sides.

SCORPIO (October 23-November 21): There may be a good chance of your inheriting a tidy sum and enjoying its benefits for a long time to come.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22-December 21): Your estimate of a person dear to you may unfortunately prove wrong.

CAPRICORN (December 22-January 20): Owing to false pride you are tending to avoid the company of your friends; you can easily remedy this state of affairs.

YOUR LUCKY ENCOUNTER: If this is your birthday, a meeting with a man named KENNETH may have some very significance.

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ABOVE: Major B. C. Field, Deputy Chief Warden, C.A.S., is greeted by Deputy Zone Warden L. C. Lam (left) during a C.A.S. kit parade held at King George V Memorial Park this week.

ABOVE: "Scamp" Carl Myatt pirouettes gracefully on reaching first base during the annual softball match between the S.C.M. Post and Hongkong Standard on Sunday. He was called out, but the Post's "Scamps" went on to trounce the Standard's "Tigers" 6-1.

ABOVE: Three pretty Japanese film actresses here to shoot a film and for personal appearances at a "Japanese Film Festival" in Hongkong, are (l-r) Miss N. Shigeyama, R. Dan and S. Nakajima.

ABOVE: A fascinated youngster peeps through a telescope during a party on board the USS Union for children of the Hongkong Boys' and Girls' Clubs Association.

ABOVE: Seen at the Lee Clansmen's Association dinner for Mr R. C. Lee held at the Kin Kwok Restaurant last week (l-r): Mr K. P. Lee and R. C. Lee.

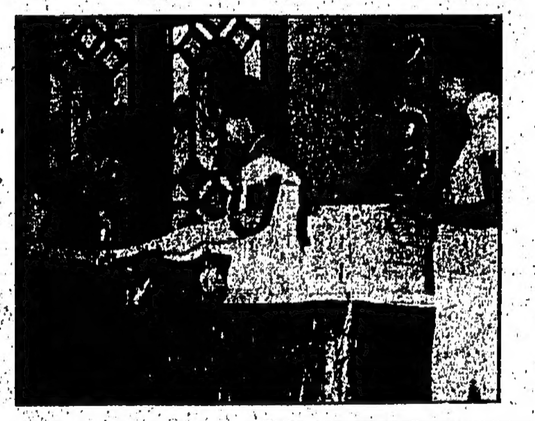
ABOVE: Mr C. B. Burgess, Officer Administering the Government seen during his visit to Kowloon resettlement areas this week. Pictured (l-r) are Mr Peter Cheng, Mr K. C. Tsang, Mr G. Barnes, Mr Burgess, Lord Lambton (Tory MP who was visiting Hongkong) and Mr J. P. Asserappa.

ABOVE: At the Hongkong Tours and CPAL cocktails for a party of Canadian women tourists to Hongkong (l-r), Mr Forsyth Smith, Miss Dinna Michener, Mrs Jean Casselman, Miss M. Aitken, Mr and Mrs Kolding and Mr F. Clemo.

★

RIGHT: Mr C.B. Burgess, Officer Administering the Government, waves goodbye to villagers after his visit to Hongkong's most remote island — Peng Chau, in Mirs Bay — just a mile away from Mainland China.

ABOVE: Seen during the Electricity Enquiry Commission's visit to the Fou Wah Weaving Mills in Tsun Wan (l-r): Mr Y. W. Chen, Mr J. Mould, Mr W. Dorward, Mr Dhun Ruttonjee and Mrs Mould.



ABOVE: Scene of the yoga demonstration during the Divine Life Society's anniversary dinner held at the Queen's College this week.

★

LEFT: Mrs P.G.M. Sedgwick presents a souvenir to Miss Wong Yee-min after a charity performance of a Chinese opera given at the Lee Theatre by the Women's Welfare Club, West, last week.

OMEGA

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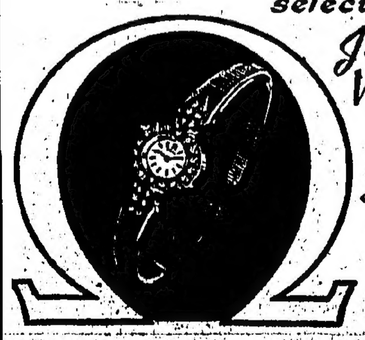

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ABOVE: At the cocktail party given by the Asia Foundation at the Peninsula Hotel recently to say farewell to its Hongkong representative, Mr Patrick Judge, and to welcome his successor, Mr John Gange and his wife (l-r): Mrs Gange, Mr Gange, Mr Judge, Mrs Robert Blum and Mr Blum.

ABOVE: Mr A. Inglis, Director of Public Works, takes the salute at a passing out parade of Auxiliary Police held last week at the Police Training School in Aberdeen.

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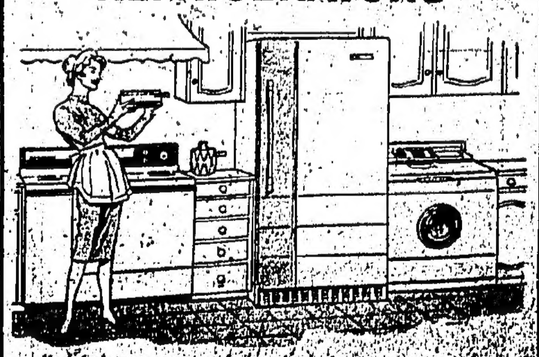

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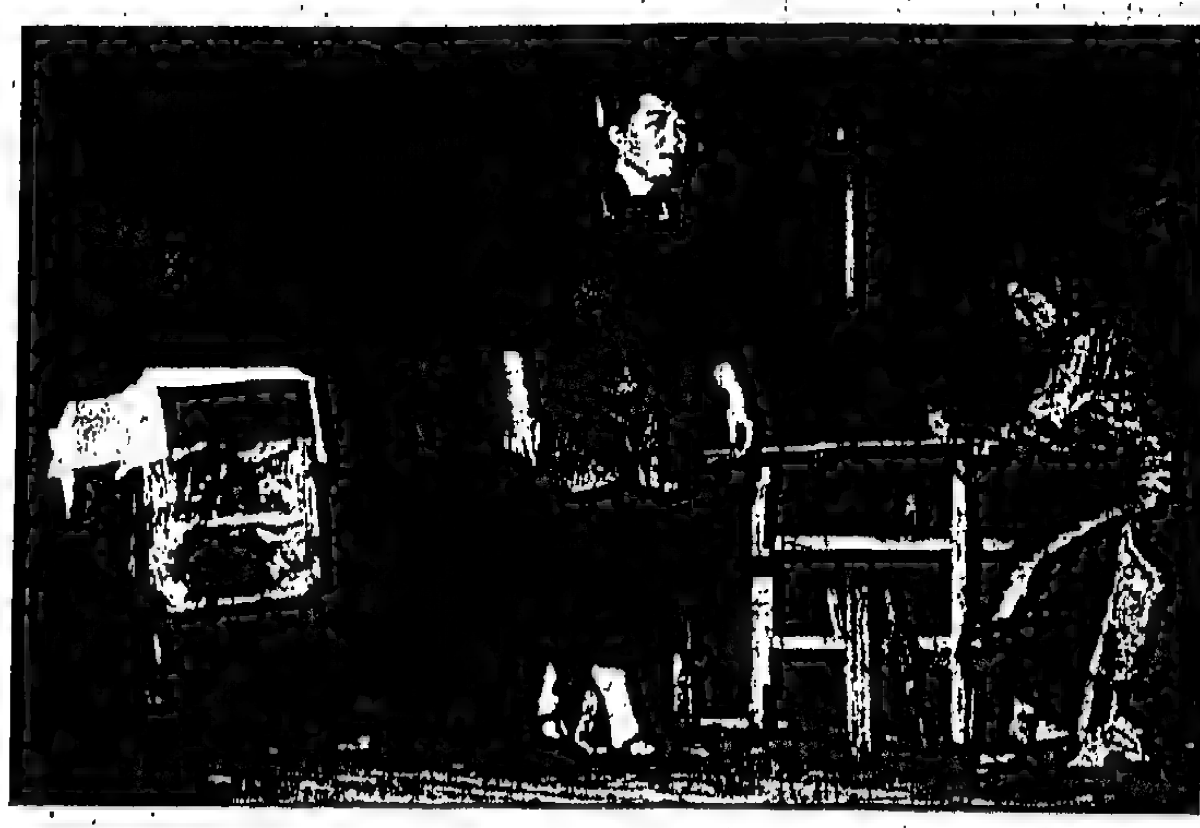
ABOVE: Mr C. Burgess, Officer Administering the Government (left), and Mr G. T. Davies, arriving at St John's Cathedral for the Education Sunday service this week.

RIGHT: Mr and Mrs John Kwong-how Kam seen at their wedding reception held at the Peninsula Hotel on Monday. The bride is the former Miss Priscilla Kam-ping Kwok, daughter of Mr and Mrs Kwok Chan.

ABOVE: Mr and Mrs Antonio Paulo Guterres seen with friends and relatives after their marriage at St Margaret's Church last week. The bride is the former Miss Elaine Kay Souza.

ABOVE: An anti-diphtheria campaign was launched by Hongkong health authorities this week. Here, three-year-old Li Chin gets her inoculation from members of a mobile immunisation team, while others wait their turn.



ABOVE: Scene during rehearsal of the play, "Night Inn," put on by the drama section of the Hongkong Chinese Reform Association at the Astor Theatre on Sunday. Seen (l-r) are Mr C. K. Tse, Miss Yip Lai-ngor and Miss Chan Wai.

ABOVE: The gathering at the christening of Grace Teresa, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs Indru P. Vaswani (third and second from right), at St Theresa's Church on Sunday. Grace is in the arms of her godmother, Mrs Harold Wing-Lee.

★ ★ ★

ABOVE: Chuckling over a joke with a newsman during an interview at Kai Tak Airport is Sir Percy Spender, member of the bench of the International Court of Justice at The Hague. Sir Percy and his wife are here for a short stay before returning to The Hague.

ABOVE: Mr R. G. Woodward (left) presents a certificate of efficiency to one of five typewriter and accounting machine technicians who recently completed a mechanical service training seminar in Hongkong. The presentation was made during a dinner at the Tai Tung Restaurant.

ABOVE: Mr Leif Kielland, president of Alukon International Ltd., of Mexico (right), seen with his wife on arrival here for a short visit. On left is Mr Clement Moh, of China Engineers, Ltd., who met the couple.

ABOVE: Captain Henry Large (right), master of the ss Perseus, has a last toast with Hongkong friends before taking the ship home prior to his retirement.

ABOVE: Mr Chang Shun-yen (right), deputy leader of the Hongkong trade delegation to Singapore seen shortly before his departure from Kai Tak with (l-r) Messrs Chu Shek-lun and Mr Yan Man-leung.

ABOVE: At the Qantas Airlines cocktails held at Maxim's recently (l-r): Mr G. Sykes, Mr G. Howling and Mr C. W. Nielson. The party marked the opening of the company's Hongkong sales office and the inauguration of its Hongkong-Tokyo service.

ABOVE: Paintings by five girls of the Diocesan Girls' School have been awarded prizes by the Royal Drawing Society. The girls, seen here with their teacher, Miss Lesley Watts (centre), are (l-r) Marion Wong, Rosy Cheung, Evelyn Lee, Chan Fook and Grace Lee.

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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

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Materials:

1ST SIZE: 30 ozs. Lavenda Chunky Crepe.

2ND SIZE: 34 ozs. Lavenda Chunky Crepe. Pair each needles Nos. 2 and 6. Safety Pin.

MEASUREMENTS: To fit 32-34 (36-38) ins. Bust measurement. Length of under-sleeve seam 16½ (18½) ins. Length from shoulder 23 (23) ins.

TENSION: 3 sts. and 8 rows equal one inch. (No. 2 needles).

ABBREVIATIONS: K., knit; p., purl; sts. stitches; ins., inches; tog., together; rep., repeat; cont., continue; comm., commencement; dec., decrease; patt. pattern; inc., increase; rem., remain; beg., beginning; alt., alternate: To work 2nd size follow figures in parenthesis.

Back:

Using No. 6 needles cast on 68 (72) sts. and work in k.1, p.1 rib for 8 (8) rows.

Change to No. 2 needles.

1st Size: Dec. row: + K.2, k.2, tog. rep. from + to last 4 sts., k.4. (52 sts).

2nd Size Dec. row: + K.3, k.2 tog. rep. from + to last 2 sts., k.2. (58 sts).

Next row: Purl.

Now work in patt. thus:

Next row: + k.1, insert needle in row below and knit, slip st. off needle, rep. from + ending k.2.

This row form the rib patt.

Cont. in patt. until work measures 15 (15) ins. from comm.

Shape Armholes: Keeping in patt, cast off 2 (2) sts. at beg. of next 6 (10) rows. 36 (38) sts. + +

Cont. in patt. on these sts. until work measures 23 (23) ins. from comm.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off 4 (4) sts. at beg. of next 6 rows.

Leave rem. 12 (14) sts. on a spare needle.

Front:

Work as Back as far as ++.

Cont. in patt. on these sts. until work measures 21 (21) ins. from comm.

Shape Neck: Right side:

Next row: Patt. 14 (14) sts., turn. Work back.

Cont. in patt. dec. one st. at Neck Edge on alt rows twice (twice).

Cont. in patt. on these sts. until work measures 23 (23) ins. from comm.

Shape Shoulder: Comm. at armhole edge, cast off 4 (4) sts. at beg. of next and each alt. row three times.

Return to rem. sts. slip next 8 (10) sts. onto a safety pin, rejoin wool and work on rem. 14 (14) sts. to match first side.

Sleeves:

Using No. 6 needles cast on 28 (28) sts. and work in k.1, p.1. rib for 3 (3) ins.

Change to No. 2 needles.

Dec. row: (Both Sizes): + K.4, k.2 tog. rep. from + ending k.4. 24 (24) sts.

Next row: Purl.

Now comm. patt:—

Next row: + k.1, insert needle in row below and knit, slip st. off needle, rep. from + ending K.2.

Rep. this row until work measures 8 (8) ins. from comm.

Now keeping in patt. inc. one st. each end of every 12th (10th) row until 32 (36) sts. are on needle.

Cont. on these sts. until work measures 16½ (16½) ins. from comm.

Shape Head: Right side: K.2 tog. at end of every row until 20 (22) sts. rem.

Work 16 (18) rows without shaping, then k.2 tog. at each end of next 5 (5) rows.

Cast off.

Neckband:

Join right shoulder seam. With right side of work facing and comm. at left front shoulder, rejoin wool and using No. 2 needles pick up and knit 18 (18) sts. down to sts. on safety pin; (k.1, p.1.) four (five) times, across 8 (10) sts. at front of neck; pick up and knit 18 (18) sts. to right shoulder; and finally (k.1, p.1) six (seven) times, across sts. at back of neck. 56 (60) sts. Change to No. 6 needles and work in k.1, p.1 rib for 7 (7) rows.

Cast off loosely in rib.

To Make Up:

Pin out and press each piece on wrong side under a damp cloth avoiding ribbed welts. Join left shoulder seam. Join side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves placing centre of head of sleeve to shoulder seam. Press all seams.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Wash canvas chair seats and mattress covers used on outdoor furniture before putting them away for the winter. Soil left in the fabric will weaken fibres. Put the covers in the washing machine with three to five tablespoons of sal soda concentrate, depending on the amount of soil. Add a little detergent—less than you would use for a regular washing.

• • •

Lingering odour in a lunch box will affect the taste of food packed in it. To prevent this, sponge out the inside of the box and its plastic containers with a solution of 2 tablespoons of baking soda to 1 quart of water. Fill the thermos bottle with a solution of the same strength after every using, and brush the cork with dry soda.

• • •

Remove decals from walls or furniture with the ink blotter treatment. Soak ordinary blotters in water, press them onto the surface over the decals, allow them to dry thoroughly, and peel off both blotter and decals.

Winter Approaches

APPLES are now ripe and fragrant in the orchard; tomatoes grow lush and red in the garden. It's time now to capture these wonderful flavors in jellies, conserves or relishes to refresh winter meals or to use for holiday gifts.

Apple Conserve is a different, delicious and not-expensive spread for toast or hot, crusty baking powder biscuits.

FOR GIFT GIVING, homemade Apple Conserve and Tomato Chutney can be teamed with a two-compartment relish dish.

All measurements are level

Apple Conserve: Wash, drain, pare and cut enough apples into ¼ in. dice to make 7 c. Combine with ½ c. orange juice, 6 c. granulated sugar, ½ tsp. salt, ½ tsp. powdered ginger and ¼ c. candied orange peel.

Slow-heat until sugar dissolves, then cook rapidly almost to boiling point, or until a little of mixture, when dropped on an ice-cold plate, almost holds its shape.

Pour boiling hot into scalded, hot 1-pt. or ½-pt. glass jars. Seal at once.

Apple Raisin Conserve: Make as above but add ½ c. light raisins about 5 min. before removing conserve from heat.

As a relish to serve with meat, poultry, baked beans or curries, we recommend Tomato Chutney. It is easy to make and is inexpensive.

Tomato Chutney: Wash and drain 6 large ripe tomatoes, 3 good-sized tart apples and 2 red sweet peppers.

Scald, peel, core and slice tomatoes. Core, pare and slice apples. Peel and chop 2 onions. Remove seeds and chop peppers.

Combine in a kettle with 1 c. seeded raisins, 1½ c. brown sugar, 1 tsp. ground ginger, 1 tsp. ground cinnamon, ½ tsp. salt and 1½ c. vinegar.

Slow-boil until as thick as chili sauce. Taste and add more salt and spices if desired.

Pour boiling hot into scalded 1-pt. or ½-pt. jars. Seal at once.

For a holiday hostess gift, a jar of Apple Conserve and Tomato Chutney, together with one of the new two-compartment china or glass relish dishes, makes a tasty and impressive-looking present.

MONDAY OVEN-DINNER

Vegetable Soup
Meat Réchauffé
Baked Baby Carrots
Whipped Mashed Potatoes
Lemon Pudding Cake
Coffee Tea Milk

All measurements are level; recipes for 4 to 6

Meat Réchauffé: Combine 3 to 4 c. minced oddments roast or pot-roasted meat with 3 tbsp. enriched flour, ½ tsp. sugar, ¼ tsp. powdered marjoram, 1 tsp. salt and ⅛ tsp. pepper.

Stir in 2 c. canned tomato mashed with a fork. Add 1 c. gravy or use boiling water and 1 tsp. beef broth powder.

Transfer to well-oiled 7 x 12-in. baking dish.

Cover with seasoned crumbs or with corn flakes. Dot with 2 tbsp. butter or margarine.

Bake 30 min. in moderate oven, 350-375 F.

TRICK OF THE CHEF

Add a pat of butter to heated canned vegetable soup, and serve accompanied with pretzels.

STORIES FOR BOYS & GIRLS

Teaching Your Dog How To Heel

NOTHING can be as frustrating as having your pet dog fail to respond to your instructions. When you take him for a walk with friends does he run off? And despite your shouting does he keep going, returning only when he feels like it? This sort of behaviour on the part of the dog you love can be embarrassing.

One of the best ways to start a dog on the road to obedience is to teach him to heel. Here are some basic rules set forth by the American Humane Society you can use to train your pet.

1. Make sure your dog is used to wearing a collar and leash. If not, take him for several walks wearing his leash. Don't try to train him to "heel" too soon. If he's still a curious puppy, you won't get far.

2. Start by holding the leash at your left side, like this. Walk quickly, giving the one-word command "heel" as you walk. He'll drift from one side to the other, but don't worry at first. Just keep giving the one-word command.

3. In the next few lessons hold him closer to your leg. Don't pull steadily on leash if he drifts back. Give sharp, quick jerks and repeat the command each time. Walk for 15 minutes at a time. Give him a treat at the end of the lesson.

4. When he has learned to heel try turns. Later you can remove the leash and he will stay by your side through even a dense forest. Don't forget to give him a goodie as a reward for good work. He'll love you for it.

Papa's Pipe Dream

—Knarf And Hanid See A Most Unusual Fisherman—

By MAX TRELL

KNARF and Hanid, the Shadows with the Turned About Names, were sitting in a dark corner of the room. On the other side of the room, sitting under a lamp as he read his book, was Papa. As he read, he puffed at his pipe.

For quite a long while, Papa read his book and puffed his pipe in the silent room as Knarf and Hanid sat watching in the corner. Then, all at once, a puff of smoke rose out of the pipe and went sailing up toward the ceiling. It was a larger and rounder puff of smoke than any of the others. And as it rose toward the ceiling, it took on the shape of a Little Man sitting in a rowboat fishing.

A Little Rowboat

"Look!" whispered Hanid to her brother.

Knarf and Hanid watched the little rowboat with the Smoke Man in it go drifting slowly across the ceiling. The Little Man began tugging on his fishing line.

"He has caught something!" cried Knarf.

They could see the Little Man leaning over the side of the boat. He pulled the fishing line in as fast as he could.

"Oh dear!" said Hanid. "I'm sure he hasn't caught anything. There aren't any fish in this room to catch."

Empty Line

Sure enough, when the Little Smoke Man in the rowboat finished pulling up his line, he saw that he had caught nothing.

In disappointment, they saw him throw the line back again.

"Poor little fellow," said Hanid.

Knarf stood up and waved to the Little Smoke Man.

"You won't catch anything here," he called up to him.

All at once, the Little Smoke Man noticed Knarf and waved down to him.

"You'd better go fishing some other place," Knarf said again. "There aren't any fish swimming around in this room."

But the Little Smoke Man just smiled and nodded and sat back in his rowboat and went on patiently fishing.

By and by the boat drifted across the room once more until it floated almost directly over Papa's pipe.

And then a strange and wonderful thing happened!

Out of Papa's pipe came a whole flock of little puffs of smoke. Each puff turned into the shape of a fish!

"It's a whole school of them!" Hanid cried excitedly. "Little Man! Little Man! Hold your fishing line! Here come the fish!"

The school of fish gathered around the end of the fishing line. One after the other, the Little Smoke Man caught them and pulled them up into his boat.

All Gone

At last there were no more left.

"Little Man! What are you going to do now with all the fish you've caught?" Knarf called up.

The Little Man put his fishing line in his boat. Then he took his oars and started to row.

Across the ceiling went the boat. The Little Man waved to them, and out through the open window sailed the Smoke Man and the Smoke Boat and the Smoke Fish.

Then Knarf and Hanid looked at each other and smiled, for they were sure the Little Smoke Man was going to have a good meal of all the fish.

And on the other side of the room, under the lamp, Papa went on reading his book and puffing his pipe.

The Little Man pulled the fishing line as fast as he could.

Rupert and the Outlaws—24

Rupert doesn't wait long for an answer. "We have dressed you like a bandit because you are one now," says the Chief. "We are outlaws and obey nobody, and you will be one too." He mounts his horse and one of the men lifts Rupert up to sit in front of him. Soon they are off, first picking their way through a dense part of the silent forest, then emerging into bleak, hilly country. They climb steeply before reaching a shelf across the face of a cliff and poor Rupert gets more and more frightened.

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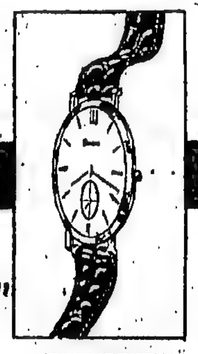

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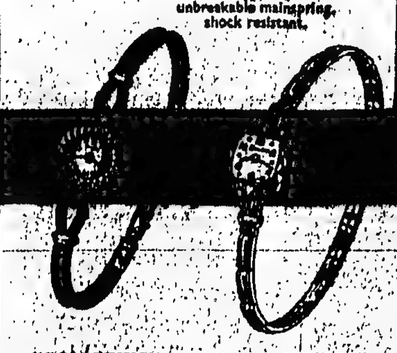

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SHOW BUSINESS

Anne Heywood. Where will pin-ups get her?

Roderick Mann

Miss Heywood and a dedicated man

...NOW HE PLANS A DAZZLING FUTURE FOR HER AS A TOP DRAMATIC STAR

IN a house overlooking a bay just outside Dublin, Miss Anne Heywood sat drinking tea. Her eyes shone, her teeth glistened, her cheeks glowed. She looked what she is —the ultimate in chocolate-box beauty. Hers is the kind of face which launched a thousand soft-centres; which proclaims the benefits of soft-drinks from every hoarding; which decorates every calendar.

A wholesome face, munchy-crunchy, cream-fed, asexual.

Miss Heywood does not take dope, nor cheat at cards, nor suffer from night starvation. She likes dresses, and is rarely seen without one on. She has never taken an overdose of Murraymints to get her name in the papers.

She is a nice girl. She is also, you may think, an exceedingly bad actress. But then you can't have everything.

A new force emerging?

Opposite her as she drank her tea, sat her producer, Mr Raymond Stross. He too was drinking tea. It was ten-time.

You could tell he was a producer because he was smoking a cigar. You could also tell that he was in love with Miss Heywood because every time I asked her a question he answered it. The way that lovers do.

He is married now, Mr Stross, but when he is free he will marry Miss Heywood. And a new force may emerge in motion pictures. Thalberg and Norma Shearer . . . Selznick and Jennifer Jones. . .Zanuck and Juliette Greco. And now, Raymond and Anne.

Talked for hours

Small wonder, as they sat there drinking tea, that they allowed themselves to wallow in a trough of emotional blancmange.

"I tell you," said Stross, "I was in love with Anne before she even got off the airplane. She was flying in from Rome to make this film of mine, *A Terrible Beauty*, and I'd gone out to meet her off the plane. And as soon as we saw each other we knew. Isn't that right, darling?"

"Yes," said Miss Heywood.

"We sat up that night and talked for hours," Stross said. "And I never even made a pass. Did I, darling? And what was that cute thing you said when I mentioned making a pass? Tell him that cute thing you said."

Miss Heywood smiled: "I said, 'If you make a pass at me you'll have to marry me.'"

"Yes," chuckled Stross. "That was what she said that was so cute."

More than a face

He took his eyes from her for a moment and looked at me.

"This girl," he said, "is going to be a great world star. I shall dedicate my life to her career. Not since Jean Simmons and Deborah Kerr has there been a girl with her potential. But what has the Rank Organisation done for her? Nothing."

"I've been under contract to them for years and they've done nothing for me," said Miss Heywood.

"Why should she get up at 6 a.m. in the morning to make rubbish like *Upstairs and Downstairs?*" demanded Stross. "Why?"

"I don't know," I said. "What kind of rubbish do you want her to make?"

"She's going to make good films from now on," said Stross, who was responsible for such films as *The Flesh Is Weak* and *A Question of Adultery*.

"She's through with all that Rank junk. This is an intelligent girl. Not an intellectual, mind you. I don't say that. But intelligent. She can be a great dramatic actress."

"I want to play the kind of part that Simone Signoret played in *Room at the Top*," Miss Heywood said. "I don't just want to be a pretty face."

"Of course she doesn't," said Stross. "Anne's got sex appeal. She's not like Virginia McKenna or any of the others. What sex appeal has Virginia McKenna got? About as much as that husband of hers, Bill Travers."

Not one enemy

"English producers don't seem to know what to do with you if you've got a beautiful face," said Miss Heywood. "But Raymond is quite different. He's more American, I feel."

"We'll visit Hollywood, of course," said Stross encouragingly. "I like Hollywood. I can honestly say I haven't got an enemy in Hollywood."

"I'm getting lots of offers now," said Miss Heywood. "And the film I just made in Italy should do me some good. It's called *Carthage in Flames* and it's a really dramatic part for me. I end up perishing in flames."

"It will be great for her," said Stross.

"They wanted me to appear semi-nude in the film," Miss Heywood said. "But I refused. They offered to do it with a double, but I still said No. After all people would think it was me, wouldn't they? And I don't want that sort of thing."

"There'll be no more of that," said Stross firmly. "No more pin-ups at all. She's a dramatic actress. Where will pin-ups get her?"

"You know something?" said Miss Heywood. "When I was working in Rome the Italian producer told me I was like a rose which had not yet opened. When I left I was opening. And now I feel I'm fully open."

"Darling," said Mr Stross softly, and their eyes met over the teacups.

—(*London Express Service*).

THE MAN NO WOMAN EVER WALKED OUT ON TWICE...

by DAVID LEWIN

INSPIRED AND INSCRUTABLE—DEMILLE AND SPHINX

JUST after he had completed the Exodus and before he set about dividing the Red Sea, Cecil B. DeMille stood near a pyramid in the sands of Egypt peering at a picture I had handed him showing Moses, played by Charlton Heston, at the head of a procession of 10,000 assorted extras.

DeMille, a four-star general among directors, snapped his fingers and one of his "field secretaries" came running.

"Eye glass," said DeMille. "Yes, Mr DeMille," said the woman, and in the middle of the desert produced one.

DeMille studied closely the picture I was showing him and said: "Moses's eyes are closed. Tell your office in London to open them before printing this picture."

That was Cecil B. DeMille making his last film, "The Ten Commandments."

In January this year he died, aged 77, and in America his biography, written by Phil Koury, a DeMille personal representative and "executive assistant" for seven years, has just been published.

His belief

I had it flown from New York because the book, called appropriately enough "Yes, Mr DeMille" shows the sort of man who helped to create Hollywood and make the movies mighty.

He believed in powerful stories and big stars and the importance of being DeMille. In conversation and letters he never used the personal pronoun but always his name. And he had a firm belief in the proper place of people and things.

An agent came to see him to suggest Deborah Kerr for a part in his film "Unconquered." "Miss Kerr's price is 4,000 dollars a week (more than £1,000) and expenses," said the agent.

"Her name doesn't mean very much in America," said DeMille.

"That is her price, just the same," said the agent.

His advice

"Not worth it," said DeMille. "She is trying to make money off DeMille and DeMille only wants her if he can make money off of her. Good day, sir."

His advice to women was often sharp. To Paulette Goddard he said: "Never go across the alley even to dump the garbage unless you are dressed to the teeth." But when Miss Goddard walked off the set of "Unconquered," because she was scared of being injured in a crowd scene, DeMille did not forget—or forgive.

Years later he was to make "The Greatest Show on Earth." Paulette Goddard desperately wanted a part. She wrote to him: "I do hope and pray I get 'The Part' in your coming film. I will be a good, good girl. "P.S. I have pretty feet, too."

His throne

DeMille replied by letter: "Indeed your feet are beautiful. What bothers me is that those same lovely feet might be tempted to walk off the set a second time."

Later he said: "No one ever walked off a DeMille set and came back."

Lucille Ball came to him for the part of the elephant girl in the circus film and got it. A week or two later she returned to his office in tears to say that she was going to have a baby, and the doctor felt that playing an elephant girl might be too taxing for her. She would have to give up the part.

DeMille agreed, but to his staff later he said: "You can have a baby any time, but how often in your life do you get a lead in a DeMille picture?"

His staff were like the junior commanders of an army. Every day they assembled with the master for lunch in the studio restaurant, walking together in procession behind DeMille.

It was considered improper, if not downright imprudent, to reach the DeMille table ahead of DeMille.

His words

For years he used to sit at lunch in a heavy, ornate chair on a foot-high platform known as the throne.

One of his team of secretaries took down every word he said for future reference. Like this: "Find out the name of the character whom we saw in the restaurant today. Has a good face....Have the swimming pool filled . . . Get little Jody (his grandson) a toy...."

The notes were extended to describe everything that happened "on set" during the shooting of a film. "The great Betty Hutton-Cornel Wilde feud flared up today. It started with Betty Hutton having eaten garlic last night — 'great preparation for a love scene,' said Wilde."

DeMille strode through it all, urging on his writers with phrases like "Hit sex hard," handing out his "medals" (memorial half-dollars) to his stars when they showed "spunk above and beyond the call of duty," and consoling himself and all around him when the going was rough by saying: "It's a kind of martyrdom for a great cause, and we all must give a little bit of ourselves."

His conflicts

DeMille was Hollywood at its fiercest and flamboyant best. He was not afraid of television, because he could do it bigger and better.

He saw everything in terms of conflict—"the only thing that will keep an audience awake"—and broke down any story into "pieces of action." His breakdown of his film "Samson and Delilah" went like this:—

1. Brawl at the wedding feast.
2. Fight with lion.
3. Fight with king's wrestler.
4. Jawbone fight.
5. Falling temple.

"I can make a film out of any 50 pages of the Bible," he said, "except possibly the Book of Numbers."

"Yes, Mr DeMille," is not merely the story of one man. It really shows a Hollywood movement. There will be big, bold, brassy and brash DeMille-type films, even without DeMille, because conflict and action and bad men and beautiful women are what movies are made of.

—(*London Express Service*).

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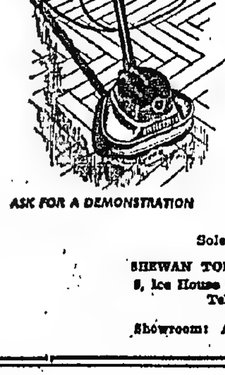

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BOOK PAGE

FROM THE EAST END TO HOLLYWOOD—THAT'S THE SHEILAH GRAHAM STORY

THE ORPHAN GIRL WHO FOUND FAME

By DEE WELLS

THE orphanage door clanged shut. Six-year-old Lily Sheil undressed and watched her shabby clothes carried away—at arm's length on tongs. Clippers sheared her ash blonde hair, and she peeped fearfully at the steaming bath being readied and sniffed the strong carbolic soap.

This was pre-World War I London at its rawest. Lily Sheil was an East End waif whose washerwoman mother was no longer able to keep her.

Whose heart wouldn't go out in sympathy to this child?

Yet 45 years later—after meeting the woman that Lily Sheil has become—I take back my heart. And am sorry ever to have offered it. Sorry, mainly to have wasted sympathy on someone who so obviously has always had an abundant self-generated supply. And sorry to see the person that little Lily Sheil is today.

In her place

For pathetic Lily Sheil no longer exists. In her place is a stout, thrice - married, faded blonde named Sheilah Graham.

In Hollywood she ranks as the No. 3 gossip columnist. In the book world her life story, **BELOVED INFIDEL** (Cassell 21s.), will soon rank as a No. 1 best-seller—or I eat my last year's straw hat.

Yet in my opinion this book ranks as the shabbiest, most shaming soul-baring in many a year. Not since Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* have I read its equal for man-hunting, lolly-grabbing egotistic greed. And say what you like of fictitious Emma Bovary—at least she wasn't real. Sheilah Graham is. All too real.

Harsh words? Yes. But hers is a harsh, repellent story.

Spotted

At 14 she emerged from that orphanage. And went home to tend her destitute mother who was dying of cancer. Of this period, when her mother lay racked with pain, she writes: *"I was consumed with impatience and boredom."*

There is the key. That it fits is soon chillingly clear.

Mother buried, Sheilah started climbing up. Her story reads like a ladder. Men are the rungs. Each one is firmly stepped on to get to the next.

First ditched is Leslie, her East End boy friend who put her on to a job demonstrating toothbrushes. From behind her counter she had spotted Major John Graham Gillam.

Major Gillam was class. He had the D.S.O. His voice was cultured. And class, Sheilah very much admired. She accepted the job he offered—and his occasional kisses and free dinners.

Monte Collins almost cut Major Gillam out. Because he was a millionaire. That he was yet another boy friend's sister's suitor didn't matter. Sheilah snaggled him easily. From him she acquired diamonds, weekends in Brighton, and a proposal of marriage.

But middle-aged, self-made Monte Collins was ditched too. Because Major Gillam now proposed himself. And was accepted.

Major Gillam sounds a good and kindly man. He financed his pretty, ambitious wife's acting lessons. He had her presented at Court. He obligingly stayed home alone while she went on to bigger and better fish frys.

Soon she was a dazzlingly popular chorus girl. One who was often guest of honour at bachelors' midnight champagne parties. She tamed her cockney accent, invented a respectable middle-class background, and launched herself in society.

The ladder's rungs now multiplied rapidly. Her social life now included Top People.

Sir John Carew-Pole, Guardsman baronet....Sir Richard North. . . .impresario C. B. Cochran....Captain the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, equerry to the Prince of Wales....socialite Tom Mitford . . . . Randolph Churchill....writer A. P. Herbert....the Marquis of Donegall. Just to name a few.

Solidly "in," she switched professions. Overnight she became a journalist. And old clippings of her writings supply another key.

"Marry for *Money*" is the headline on one 1931 clipping. Another advises young married couples *not* to have a baby—but to buy a car instead. Another is entitled "How to Manage Men," and in this she writes: ". . . . the best matrimonial prizes fall to women who are outwardly and inwardly as hard as nails and as cold as ice."

Already she was eyeing America—and the fat salary a journalist could command there. Her husband wanted to accompany her. But she writes: ". . . . I was young and pretty and there would be many helping hands. If my middle-aged husband came along, nobody would want to help me."

So, of course, the loving Major Gillam was ditched too.

Almost inevitably Sheilah Graham gravitated to Hollywood. To her that tinsel city with its tinsel people was Life. A life of movie stars....extravagant parties. High Life, Real Life. Such as Old England could never provide. And money, too. Lots of it.

Palatable

In her element, she thrived. So did her gossip column and her romance with the Marquis of Donegall. He proposed. She accepted. But he, too, was to be ditched. And soon.

Because a very curious, uncharacteristic thing happened.

Sheilah Graham fell in love. With American writer Scott Fitzgerald, then a somewhat reformed alcoholic, turning out film scripts to support his insane, institutionalised wife.

Sheilah Graham's description of her two years with Scott Fitzgerald is the only palatable portion of her book.

They were happy. But even with him her lifelong habit of using people soon takes over. She used him to tutor her and provide her with the education she never had.

In 1940 Scott Fitzgerald died tragically and suddenly in Sheilah Graham's Hollywood flat. They hadn't had very long together. Not long enough for Sheilah Graham's late-acquired education in the Humanities to stick. She drifted back to her old way of life.

British business man Trevor Westbrook became divorce No. 2. A lifeguard (beach, not regiment) became divorce No. 3.

Now at the top of her ladder, Sheilah Graham is rich, successful, and glossy as a plump cat. Soon her depressing book will be a film. Deborah Kerr has already shouldered the doubtful honour of playing the lead.

And I suppose in a way you have to hand it to this ex-East End orphan once named Lily Sheil. Just *what* to hand her, I'd be hard put to say.

But I do know it's nothing I'd touch with a 10ft. pole. With gloves on.

—(London Express Service).

THE CHANGING FACE OF SHEILAH GRAHAM: ABOVE — as she was in 1931, when her fame amid the glitter of Hollywood was still to come. RIGHT—the successful columnist, her past littered with great names.

Even Nelson Thought We'd Lose This War

THE SPANISH TOWN PAPERS. By E. Arnot Robertson. Cresset. 21s.

THE bundles of papers in the Old Armoury in Spanish Town, Jamaica, were treasure indeed. Treasure which time and decay neglect and weather, had spared or partly spared.

Treasure which Arnot Robertson came upon with a delighted surprise that communicates itself to her book.

The papers were records of forgotten trials before an almost forgotten tribunal, the Vice-Admiralty Court of Jamaica, in the years that followed the revolt of the American colonies.

They were stained by damp, eaten by termites, torn and faded. But they whispered on every sheet a tale of old wars and plunderings, deeds of heroism and roguery.

Fixed fees

Almost a thousand of the documents are ships' papers, each from some vessel captured from the rebel Americans by the British Navy or some busy privateer licensed by King George III.

The Vice-Admiralty Court had to decide whether a captured ship was lawful prize or not. The worshipful court set about the task with more enthusiasm than impartiality. Its fees were fixed by a percentage of the value of vessels and cargoes judged forfeit.

Arnot Robertson's account of what she found in these frail old papers has a romantic if scholarly sense of excitement. This is a scrap book, illustrating by flashes the lives of old seafaring men and their womenfolk.

"Since I have left New York," writes one man to his brother-in-law in the early days of the revolutionary war, "I have not had a single line from any of my friends, which makes me very uneasy. Should New York meet with any disaster, which God forbid, you must with yours go to my house in the country."

The Americans seem to have been pessimistic about their chances in the war: "The King's men cut us to pieces like we are a parcel of snakes."

But the British seem to have been no more hopeful. The heroic Nelson himself who contributes a letter to the Spanish Town hoard shook his head over Britain's prospects in a war against both Americans and French:

"You must not be surprised to hear of my learning to speak French," he writes dolefully.

Into the rough, salty, adventurous world of the old Yankee skippers Arnot Robertson supplies a multitude of peepholes.

George Malcolm Thomson

—(London Express Service).

The short, bizarre life of a girl called Marianne

DANSE MACABRE. By Frederic Mullally. Secker and Warburg. 15s.

by HAROLD HARRIS

ON page 23, the hero, Bob Sullivan, makes love to a model in London; on page 44, in Paris, to a one-eyed Lesbian; for several pages, in Rome, to a Jamaican girl who murmurs on the telephone: "Do you want to hit me? I wouldn't mind . . ."

Mr Mullally may not have at his command the stuff of which literature is made, but he quickly shows himself in his first novel to be a dab hand at isolating the ingredients which make a best seller.

Marianne, the heroine, is a 19-year-old nymphomaniac. But she is dead before the book opens, killed in an alley in the Casbah by the mysterious French ogre with whom she was living.

Bob Sullivan an Irish journalist, is commissioned by her wealthy, effeminate friend, Brian Harper, to write a book about her. He sets out on his grand tour of the gossip writers' world in search of the real Marianne. After Rome, Cannes, Barcelona, Ibiza, and, inevitably, Tangier.

On the trail

She had been quite a girl. Salted by her experiences, she suffered her first revulsion from men before she was 10. But it did not last long.

Sullivan tracks down some of the men (and women) who loved her. They tend to come to a bad end after telling him their stories, but he survives several attempts on his life by the French ogre's thugs who are hot on his trail.

He even survives examples of Marianne's conversation, piously recorded by her friends.

"I had made a discovery. It was a truth so gloriously obvious that most of us just nod at it and hurry on by. We live only once." And: "I realised that we are what we are not because we are anything but because we are not something else."

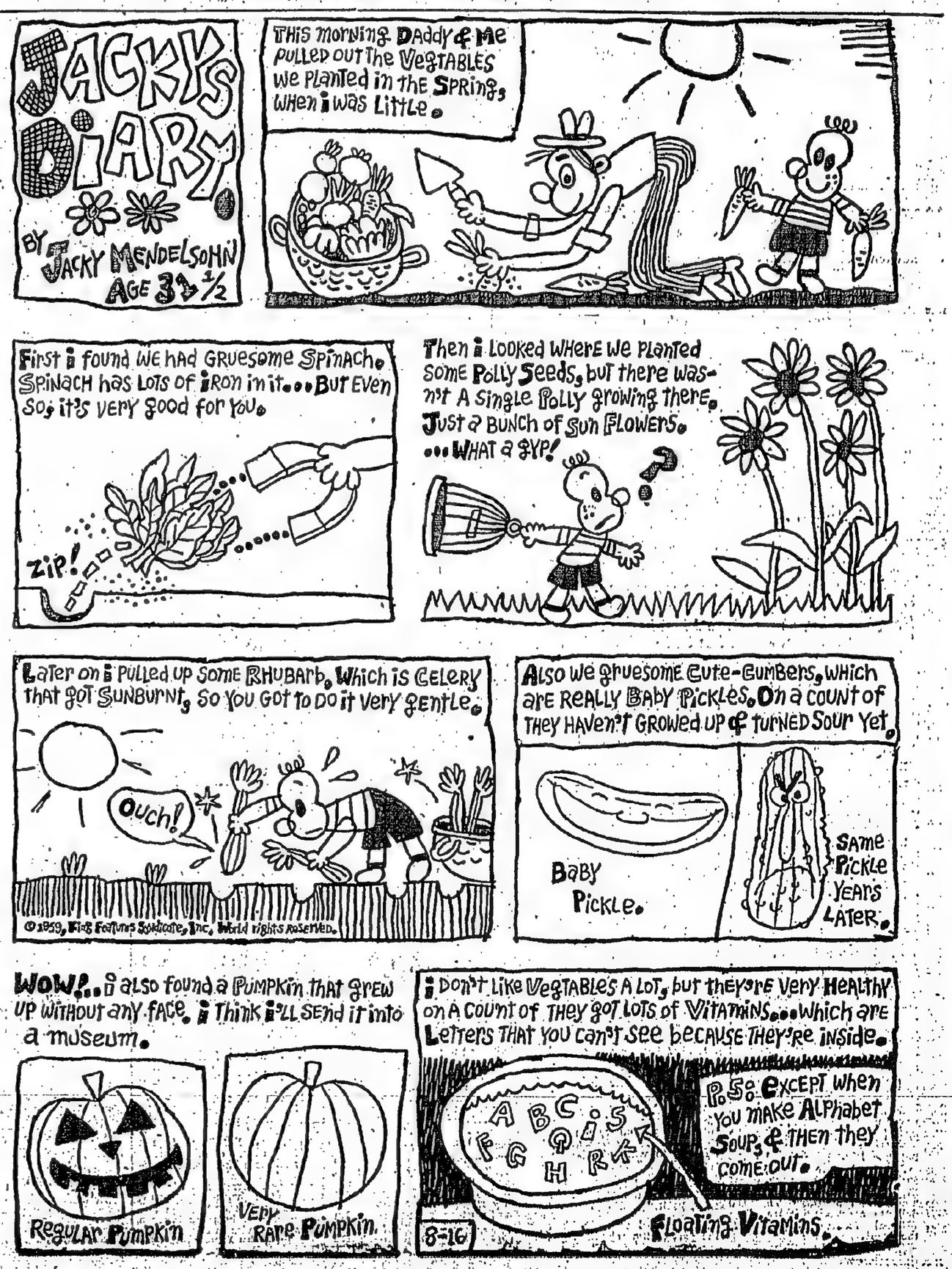
At last, Sullivan beards the French ogre in his palace in Tangier. Surprise.

The ogre turns out to be Brian Harper.

Marianne, it transpires, had been experimenting with life at his evil instigation. It was as the climax of her final experiment that he killed her.

Beneath the pseudo-philosophical farrago which is designed to give this hotch-potch a veneer of respectability, there are traces of a talent struggling to be let out.

—(London Express Service).



Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail — A "China Mail" Feature

Today

12.30 p.m. "COMPOSER CAVALCADE."
1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
1.13 WEATHER REPORT.
1.15 TIME SIGNAL.
THE NEWS & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.
Cinderella (Rossini) Overture—Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orch., Minuet (Boccherini)—Ferry Taby and his Orch.; Largo (Handel)—Walter Gunther and his Orch.; Adagio (from the Concerto for Violin No 1 in G minor) (Bruch)—Mario Gardi (violin) with Hamburg Philharmonic Orch.; Ball Scenes (Hellmesberger-Hruby)—Hermann Hagestedt and his Orch.
2.00 "STRING SONG."
Max Jaffa and his Orchestra.
2.30 DAVID KOSSOFF IN "SO I'LL TELL YOU."
A series of events in the life of a dealer.
Today's story "Two of a Kind."
3.00 "IN A LATIN MOOD."
Jose Norman and his Orchestra.
3.30 "WE SING FOR YOU."
Anne Shelton and David Whitfield.
4.00 COMEDY CARAVAN.
4.30 MUSIC FOR TEA TIME.
5.00 UNIT REQUESTS.
Presented by Nancy Wise.
Calling: H.M.S. "COSSACK."
6.00 THE GOON SHOW.
"The Mysterious Punch-up-the-Conker."
(Repeat series).
6.30 THEIR FINEST HOUR.
"General Charles Gordon."
7.00 ANNOUNCERS CHOICE.
A programme in which one of Radio Hongkong's regular announcers chooses her own half hour of music. Today's announcer: Nancy Wise.
7.30 SEMPRINI SERENADE.
Semprini at the piano with BBC Revue Orchestra.
Conducted by Harry Rabinowitz.
7.58 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL. THE NEWS.
8.10 COMMENTARY.
8.15 THIS WEEK.
Compiled and introduced by Ted Thomas.
8.45 A KNIFE IN THE SUN.
A mystery thriller by Giles Cooper. Final episode "Truth on a Tower."
9.15 HANCOCK'S HALF HOUR.
9.45 BLACK AND WHITE NOTES.
9.58 WEATHER REPORT.
10.00 TIME SIGNAL.
THE NEWS & HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.15 "MIKE AT THE MIKE."
Michael Baldwin at large for forty-five minutes with music from many angles.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL.
RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 RACING.
The St Leger Stakes, a recorded commentary by Raymond Glendenning from Doncaster.
11.45 CLOSE DOWN.

ST LEGER CLASSIC CAN BE HEARD TONIGHT

The St Leger Stakes—run at Doncaster each year—is one of the Classics of the English flat racing season, and as such is always covered by the BBC's commentators.

This year's race is to be run in Britain this afternoon and Raymond Glendenning's commentaries from the course will be broadcast by the General Overseas Service of the BBC and heard by listeners to Radio Hongkong tonight from 11.15 until 11.45.

The BBC Story

Now that it's possible—for the first time in the Colony's history—for Hongkong listeners, both British and Chinese, to tune their wireless sets to an alternative wavelength and listen in to an alternative programme in their own language, and since the advent of those extra facilities for home entertainment has raised a number of questions in the public mind (not to mention in the newspapers) on the functions of broadcasting, this is probably not the least opportune moment for Radio Hongkong (itself a public service broadcasting station) to broadcast an enquiry into the way broadcasting began, grew up and functions as a public service in the United Kingdom today.

"The BBC Story" is in no sense a tribute, a 'salute', or even a commemorative feature. It's an enquiry—nothing more, nothing less—conducted by the Canadian political scientist and broadcaster Robert McKenzie; into a system of broadcasting which began in the United Kingdom over 37 years ago and has since been adopted in many parts of the world, notably in countries of the British Commonwealth.

"The BBC Story"—which lasts an hour and will be broadcast by Radio Hongkong on Tuesday night at nine o'clock—includes contributions from many authoritative spokesmen both inside and outside the BBC, and quotations from relevant documents and early broadcasts. Among the voices listeners will hear in the programme are those of His Majesty King George the Fifth; E.M. Forster, the novelist; Lord Radcliffe, the eminent jurist; the political commentator Lindley Fraser; not to mention two former Governors of the BBC, two former Directors-General and the present D.G., one BBC Controller, and the respective Directors of Sound, External and Television Services.

Don't Put Your Daughter On The Stage, Mrs Worthington...

Listeners may recall the talk which John Morris, of the Old Vic Company, gave over Radio Hongkong a week or so ago on what it feels like to be backstage just before the curtain goes up on a new production. While he was in Hongkong he chose the opening words of Noel Coward's famous song "Don't Put your Daughter on the Stage, Mrs Worthington" as the title of a second talk, which will be broadcast by Radio Hongkong on Thursday night at 9.15. In this he attempts—as the title suggests—to explain that the path of the budding young actor or actress is unlikely to be strewn with roses, particularly in the early years; that the high hopes of immediate stardom are more likely to be rewarded with small parts in seaside or provincial rep. than with a sudden rush to fame; and that, above all, any of Mrs Worthington's progeny rash enough to make the attempt at all would find (surprise of surprises) that they were actually expected to WORK. So if your children are looking to the bright lights for a living and you want to show them the other side we can only suggest that you get them to listen in on Thursday night for fifteen minutes.

Ibson's "Brand"

"World Theatre" this Monday night at 8.15 sees the appearance on the air of the first of Henrik Ibsen's major works: "Brand".

He wrote this 'dramatic poem' in Rome in 1854 and it was first produced the following year, thereafter quickly establishing his fame throughout Europe by its unsurpassed grandeur and profound understanding. In this radio adaptation by James Forsyth, Stephen Murray plays the part of Brand, the uncompromising Norwegian pastor; with Fay Compton as his mother and Ursula Howells as his wife Agnes.

NANCY WISE plays her kind of music at seven o'clock tonight in Radio Hongkong's "Announcer's Choice". One of the station's announcers since early this year, Nancy was previously with the Australian Broadcasting Commission as announcer, commentator, interviewer and disc jockey—roles which she also fills for Radio Hongkong.

The Greeks In Europe

Those who've listened to the talks by Vernon Bartlett, Bertrand Russell, Don Salvador de Madariaga and Peter Ustinov during the past four weeks on the subject of "The European Complex" seen from various angles will probably be interested to know that the talks, which are now over, are being followed up by three half hour features on Europe—dealing respectively with the influences of classical Greece and ancient Rome on Europe, and of a continental European education on the adult of today.

The first programme "The Greek Spirit", produced by Gerard Mansell with Denis MacCarthy as narrator, begins on Friday night at 8.15 and in it the influence of Greece of old upon Europe as a whole is discussed by Sir Richard Livingstone, the distinguished classical scholar and former Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, and a number of other distinguished scholars.

Tales From Sherwood Forest

There's something special for the younger listeners at five o'clock on Thursday: "Robin Hood".

In an age of space and sputniks one could be forgiven for wondering if the men in Lincoln Green might not, in some quarters, have come to be considered a trifle 'square'. If this is the case (and we doubt it) then certainly the present generation are themselves the losers, for the tales of the Bandit of Sherwood Forest and his deeds have been stimulating to young and old for too long now to be so easily discounted; added to which the character who seeks to defy oppression has never yet failed to fascinate listeners of any era.

BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

(On 25.750 Mc/s. 11.65m; and 21.550 Mc/s. 13.92m)

SATURDAY, SEPT. 12

7.30 p.m. T.U.C. 1959.
A report by one of the BBC's Industrial Correspondence on the annual conference of the British Trades Union Congress held at Blackpool (Sept. 7-11), including recorded extracts from the speeches.
7.45 KAY ON THE KEYS.
Kay Cavendish with her piano.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.20 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.30 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
Extracts from editorial comment by leading British weekly newspapers.
8.45 Ted Heath introduces 'THE TED HEATH SHOW.'
9.30 FORCES' FAVOURITES.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.09 COMMENTARY.
10.15 WEEK-END REVIEW.
10.30 THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.
Mechanisation and the Land.
Speaker: G. E. Baldwin.
10.45 COMPOSER OF THE WEEK.
Dvorak (on records).
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 Racing
THE ST LEGER STAKES.
A recorded commentary by Raymond Glendenning on the race at Doncaster.
11.45 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.
A commentary on the second half of one of the day's matches.
12.45 a.m. MUSIC FROM THE CONTINENT.
On gramophone records.
1.00 THE NEWS.

SUNDAY, SEPT, 13

8.00 p.m. THE NEWS.
8.09 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.30 Peter Coke and Marjorie Westbury in
'PAUL TEMPLE AND THE CONRAD CASE.'
A new serial in eight episodes by Francis Durbridge.
7: Coffee for Miss Conrad.
9.00 SING IT AGAIN!
A song-a-minute sequence of popular melodies old and new sung by Benny Lee, Julie Dawn, Franklyn Boyd, and Jean Campbell, The Coronets. The Steve Race Four, Jackie Brown at the electric organ.
9.30 Eric Barker in 'JUST FANCY.'
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.09 COMMENTARY.
10.15 ASIAN CLUB.
A Musician in the East.
Speaker: Maurice Jacobson.
10.45 LIGHT MUSIC
on gramophone records.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 CONCERTO.
Gordon Watson (piano), BBC Northern Orchestra, Conductor: George Hurst.
Piano Concerto No. 1—Liszt.
12.15 a.m. We invite you to 'LINGER AWHILE.'
With Larry Cross and Tiny Winters. Producer: John Simmonds.
12.30 Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon in 'LIFE WITH THE LYONS.'
With Barbara Lyon, Richard Lyon and Molly Weir, BBC Variety Orchestra, Conductor: Paul Fenoulhet written by Bob Block, Ronnie Hanbury, and Bebe Daniels, production by Tom Ronald. (Repeat of programme previously broadcast in April).
1.00 THE NEWS.

MONDAY, SEPT. 14

7.30 p.m. TWENTY QUESTIONS.
Anona Winn, Joy Adamson, Jack Train, and Richard Dimbleby ask all the questions and Gilbert Harding knows some of the answers.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.20 SPORTS REVIEW.
8.30 LETTER FROM AMERICA.
By Alistair Cooke.
8.45 WALTZ TIME.
On gramophone records.
9.00 GO MAN GO.
The Oscar Rabin Band.
9.45 MAINLY FOR WOMEN.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.09 COMMENTARY.
10.15 LOCAL GOVERNMENT.
The Citizen and the Community.
Speaker: Bryan Keith-Lucas, Lecturer at Nuffield College, Oxford.
10.30 TRANSPORT AND COMMUNICATIONS.
Seaways.
Speaker: Sir Donald Anderson.
10.45 MALCUZYNSKI (piano).
On gramophone records.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 MY WORD!
A panel game devised by Tony Shryane and Edward J. Mason. E. Arnot Robertson and Frank Muir challenge Nancy Spain and Denis Norden. In the umpire's chair, Jack Longland.
11.45 SWINGALONG.
With the Tops in Pop Music.
Presenting this week: Joan Regan, Lorne Lesley, Matt Monro, The Keynotes, The Ken Jones Music featuring Ken Jones at the piano and The Ken Rattenbury All-Stars. Introduced by Tim Gudgin, produced by Cyril Drake and John Kingdon.
12.30 a.m. THEY BROUGHT THEIR MUSIC.
Mark Lubbock presents the third of four programmes of music from the Victorian drawing-room with Ellen Dales (soprano); John Cameron (baritone); Josephine Lee (piano) & Winifred Davey (piano).
1.00 THE NEWS.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 15

7.30 p.m. FORCES' FAVOURITES.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.20 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.30 BLACKPOOL NIGHT.
The Summer Show of Shows.
Your resident host: Jack Watson welcomes Dania Goodwin, Toilefson, Doreen Hume, Edmund Hockridge, and Reginald Dixon, Guest star: Ken Platt with The Woodmen, directed by Reymond Woodhead and the BBC Northern Dance Orchestra, conducted by Alyn Ainsworth, produced by Roy Speer.
9.00 TRIED FAVOURITES.
Popular classics on records.
9.30 ULSTER MAGAZINE.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.09 COMMENTARY.
10.15 THE BRAINS TRUST.
Speakers: Dame Lillian Penson, Professor Lionel Elvin, and Dr Alexander Ogston.
10.45 ORGAN RECITAL.
Allabreve in D—Bach; Passepied in A—Handel; Carillon—Vierne, played by Margaret Cobb. From the Church of St Lawrence Jewry, London.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 PIPES AND DRUMS.
By Shoots and Dykehead Caledonia Pipe Band, Pipe-Major John K. McAllister.
11.30 'EM.'
By Harry Moore.
Em—Judith Fellows; Anne—Sheila Manahan; Betty—Jane Jordan Rogers; Ruth—Eva Stuart; Mr Roberts—Harold Reese; Frank—Jeffrey Segal; Bill—Frederick Treves; Aunt Clara—Dorothy Holmes-Gore; Tim—John Cazabon; George Scott—Leigh Crutchley. Produced by Wyn Knowles.
12.30 a.m. POETRY INTO SONG.
An anthology of verse and song—LOVE POEMS; Pamela Petts (soprano); Edward Darling (tenor); Josephine Lee (piano).
Readers: Judy Bailey and Malcolm Hayes.
1.00 THE NEWS.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 16

7.30 p.m. WEST COUNTRY MAGAZINE.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.20 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.30 THE CHURCH IN CONTEMPORARY SOCIETY.
The first of eleven programmes on the relevance of the Christian message in the world today, and the special needs of contemporary society, 1: A World Changing to Industry by The Rev. E. H. Robertson.
8.45 MUSIC HALL.
BBC Variety Orchestra, Conductor: Paul Fenoulhet with the France Hayes Four, Pamela Manson, Jimmy Lloyd, and Terry Scott, introduced by Mike Hall, produced by John Simmonds.
9.15 COMPOSER OF THE WEEK.
Verdi (on records).
9.30 Alistair McHarg requests 'THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY'
with Sheila Paton and The BBC Scottish Variety Orchestra, Conductor: Jack Leon.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.09 COMMENTARY.
10.15 INSIDE INFORMATION.
Aspects of Science which get lost behind the news.
10.30 ENGLISH WRITING.
The Novel Today and Yesterday.
The Documentary Novel by Walter Allen.
10.45 SERENADE FOR THREE.
The Albert Webb Trio in a programme of favourite melodies.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 BBC MIDLAND LIGHT ORCHESTRA.
Conducted by Gilbert Vinter with Maria Eiller.
12.00 midnight. GATEWAY TO LONDON.
A sound portrait of the Thames Estuary and its people. Script written by William Addison.
12.30 a.m. Paul Martin invites you to join him 'IN SEARCH OF MUSIC.'
1.00 THE NEWS.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 17

8.00 p.m. THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.20 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.30 WELSH MAGAZINE.
Over the Rails.
This week Wynford Vaughan Thomas invites you to come with him through Wales along an unusual route. He will be taking a meandering single track branch railway line from Cardiff to Amlwch. In this programme he remembers the Highlights of his journey.
9.00 ALL FOR YOUR DELIGHT.
A Miscellany of Musical Entertainment provided by the BBC Concert Orchestra, Conductor: Vilem Tausky, The BBC Chorus, conducted by Alan G. Melville and Alexander Young (tenor). Introduced by Richard Wessel.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.09 COMMENTARY.
10.15 QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
Questions come this week from Japan; Michael Shanks, Dilys Powell, and John Arlott answer the questions in London.
10.30 FIRST MEETING.
Jacquetta Hawkes meets Graham Sutherland.
10.45 MOONLIGHT MELODY.
Played by Albert Webb (piano) and Norman Jones (cello) who invite you to sit back and enjoy romantic melodies loved by millions presented by Peter Haysom Craddy.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 FROM THE EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL.
The Amadeus String Quartet: Norbert Brainin (violin); Siegmund Nissel (violin); Peter Schidlof (viola); Martin Lovett (cello); Quartet in D (K. 499)—Mozart.
11.45 SHORT STORY.
'I Can Play Schools,' by May C. Jenkins; read by Olive Gregg.
12.00 midnight. SERIOUS ARGUMENT.
12.30 a.m. MUSIC FOR SWEETHEARTS.
Featuring Eric Jupp and his Orchestra.
1.00 THE NEWS.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 18

7.30 p.m. SCOTTISH MAGAZINE.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.20 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.30 HIT PARADE.
Records presented by Wilfrid Thomas.
9.00 MAKE WAY FOR MUSIC.
Alyn Ainsworth and the BBC Northern Dance Orchestra.
9.30 MERCHANT NAVY PROGRAMME.
The Weekly Newsletter introduced by Trevor Blore, followed by Record Requests.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.09 COMMENTARY.
10.15 INTERNATIONAL PRESS CONFERENCE.
A person in the news is cross-examined by journalists.
10.35 NEW IDEAS.
A composite programme for the latest British inventions, techniques, and discoveries.
10.45 SONGS OF PURCELL.
Heather Harper (soprano) & Ernest Lush (piano).
The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation; If music be the food of love; Man is for woman made; On the brow of Richmond Hill. The last of three programmes of songs by Purcell, the tercentenary of whose birth we celebrate this year.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 SEMPRINI SERENADE.
11.45 NEW RECORDS.
(Concert music).
Presented by Denis Stevens.
12.30 a.m. BRAT FARRAR.
By Josephine Tey, adapted as a serial in four parts, by Cyril Wantzel, 4: A Pit in Dothan.
Aunt Bee—Molly Rankin; Eleanor—Gillian Andrews; The Rev. George Peck—Leigh Crutchley; Brat Farrar—Frank Duncan; Abel Tusk—Leonard Trolley; Simon—David Peel; Mr Andrews—Gabriel Woolf; Sergeant Curtis—Anthony Marriott; Nurse—Ella Milne; Waitress—Antonia Saxton, produced by Peter Watts.
1.00 THE NEWS.

Sunday

8.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL.
WEATHER REPORT & SUNDAY STRING SONG.
8.58 WEATHER REPORT.
9.00 TIME SIGNAL.
THE NEWS, SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS & SPORTS RESULTS.
9.15 PROGRAMME PARADE.
9.25 RECORD ROUND ABOUT.
10.00 LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
10.30 TRADITIONAL SONGS.
The Robert Shaw Chorale.
11.00 SERVICE FROM THE ENGLISH METHODIST CHURCH.
Conducted by the Rev. J. E. Sandbach.
12.00 noon. MANTOVANI'S ORCHESTRA PLAYS HITS OF THEATRELAND.
12.15 p.m. RECORD REVIEW.
Compiled by David Kwan.
Introduced by Patricia Penn.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
JOHN GORDY'S RAGTIME PIANO.
1.13 WEATHER REPORT.
1.15 TIME SIGNAL.
THE NEWS & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 LUNCHTIME PROM.
Turkish March (from "The Ruins of Athens")—(Beethoven)—Vienna Radio Sym. Orch., cond. by Max Schonherr and Rudolf Nilius; Concerto No. 2 in B minor, Op. 42 (Dohnanyi), Allegro; Adagio, poco rubato; Allegro vivace—Ernst Von Dohnanyi (Piano) and the Royal Philharmonic Orch., cond. by Sir Adrian Boult.
2.00 "LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME."
Songs from the film. Starring: Doris Day.
2.15 THE ARCHERS.
An everyday story of country life in England.
(Omnibus Edition).
3.00 HOME AND HOSPITAL REQUESTS.
Presented by Jennifer.
4.00 MUSIC FOR TEA TIME.
4.30 POPULAR ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.
Cockaigne-Overture, Op. 40, (In London Town), (Elgar)—Royal Philharmonic Orch., cond. by Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart; Peer Gynt Suite No. 2 Op. 55 (Grieg), Ingrid's Lament; Arabian dance; Return to Peer Gynt; Solveig's Song—Erna Spoorenberg (Sop.) with the Residency Orch., cond. by Willem Van Otterloo.
5.00 A KNIFE IN THE SUN.
A mystery thriller by Giles Cooper, "Truth on a tower" (Finale episode).
(Repeat of last night's broadcast).
5.30 "WINNIE THE POOH."
By A. A. Milne, Part 5: "Eeyore has a Birthday."
MUSICAL INTERLUDE.
6.00 ROGER WILLIAMS AT THE PIANO WITH STRING ORCHESTRA.
6.30 FORCES EVENING SERVICE.
Conducted by the Rev. R. B. Blount C.F.
7.00 MELODIES AND MEMORIES.
Thirty minutes of continuous music linking the past with the present.
7.30 "TO MR W. H., ALL HAPPINESS."
A Venetian Epilogue by J.I.M. Stewart with Stephen Murray as "Mr W.H."
7.58 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
8.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.15 "MY WORD."
A panel game with E. Arnot Robertson, Nancy Spain, Frank Muir and Denis Norden. Umpire: Jack Longland. (Final).
8.45 "SUNDAY CONCERT."
From dawn to noon on the sea; Play of waves; Dialogue of the wind and the sea (Debussy)—Philharmonic Sym. Orch. of New York, cond. by Dimitri Mitropoulos; "The Planets" Suite, Op. 32 (Holst)—Mars, the Bringer of War; Venus, the Bringer of peace; Mercury, the winged Messenger; Jupiter, the Bringer of Jollity; Saturn, the Bringer of Old Age; Uranus, the Magician; Neptune, the Mystic (with Female chorus)—Philharmonic Promenade Orch., cond. by Sir Adrian Boult with members of the London Philharmonic Choir.
9.58 WEATHER REPORT.
10.00 TIME SIGNAL.
THE NEWS & COMMENTARY.
10.15 MUSIC IN A QUIET MOOD.
10.45 POEMS BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.
Read by Margaretta Scott.
10.58 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 THE EPILOGUE.
The Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity: The Temple Church.
ORGAN INTERLUDE.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Monday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL.
MARCH.
TOP OF THE MORNING.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
7.55 DIARY FOR TODAY.
7.58 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
8.10 PROGRAMME PARADE.
8.15 MONDAY MORNING MUSIC.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
12.30 p.m. "APERITIF."
1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
1.13 WEATHER REPORT.
1.15 TIME SIGNAL.
THE NEWS & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.

5.30 FOR THE VERY YOUNG.
Compiled by Mavis.
5.45 MAKERS OF BRITISH HISTORY.
Cecil Rhodes.
(A BBC Broadcast for Schools).
6.00 BBC JAZZ CLUB.
The Dave Carey Jazz Band.
The Terry Lightfoot Quartet.
6.30 THE ARCHERS.
An everyday story of country life in England.
6.45 TWILIGHT CONCERT.
7.15 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
7.30 COCKTAIL TIME.
7.58 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
8.10 COMMENTARY.
8.15 BATTLE OF BRITAIN WEEK.
An appeal on behalf of the Royal Air Force Benevolent Association by Squadron-Leader Sizer, D.F.C., and Bar who himself took part in the Battle of Britain.
Squadron-Leader Sizer is introduced by the Air Officer Commanding R.A.F. Hong Kong, group Captain F. D. Holder D.S.O., D.F.C.
8.30 LONDON SUITE (ERIC COATES).
The Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra.
Conducted by Eric Coates.
8.45 WORLD THEATRE.
"Brand".
A dramatic poem by Henrik Ibsen.
The BBC presents Stephen Murray, Fay Compton and Ursula Howells in "Brand." An adaptation by James Forsyth of the dramatic poem by Henrik Ibsen. Produced by Val Gielgud.
10.58 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL.
RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 EILEEN JOYCE AT THE PIANO.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Tuesday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL.
MARCH.
MELODY ON THE MOVE.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
7.55 DIARY FOR TODAY.
7.58 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
8.10 PROGRAMME PARADE.
8.15 TUESDAY'S TUNES.
8.55 REPEAT HEADLINES. WEATHER REPORT.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
12.15 p.m. MID-DAY PRAYERS.
By The Rev. J. W. Foster.
12.30 "BANDBOX."
1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
1.13 WEATHER REPORT.
1.15 TIME SIGNAL.
THE NEWS & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.

5.30 FOR THE VERY YOUNG.
Compiled by Mavis.
5.45 "LET'S JOIN IN."
Miss Pussy and her Apple Tree.
(A BBC Broadcast for Schools).
6.00 TED HEATH AND HIS MUSIC.
With Bobbie Britton and Peter Lowe (Vocal).
6.30 THE ARCHERS.
An everyday story of country life in England.
6.45 AROUND THE WORLD IN MUSIC — Russia.
7.00 LUCKY DIP.
Presented by Mary.
7.58 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
8.10 COMMENTARY.
8.15 "SECOND HELPING."
A record miscellany of music only heard once before.
Presented by Ted Thomas.
9.00 "THE BBC STORY."
An enquiry into the way broadcasting began and how it functions in Britain Today. Conducted by Robert Mackenzie.
9.58 WEATHER REPORT.
10.00 TIME SIGNAL.
THE NEWS & HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.15 PARIS STAR TIME.
10.45 RAWICZ AND LANDAUER (TWO PIANOS).
10.58 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL.
RADIO NEWS REEL.
11.15 "AND SO TO BED."
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Wednesday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL.
MARCH.
RISING NOTES.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
7.55 DIARY FOR TODAY.
7.58 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
8.10 PROGRAMME PARADE.
8.15 MID WEEK MELODIES.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
12.30 p.m. "MUSIC FROM THE FILMS."
1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
1.13 WEATHER REPORT.
1.15 TIME SIGNAL.
THE NEWS & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 B.B.C. BANDSTAND.
Gilbert Vinter and the Concert Band.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.

5.30 FOR THE VERY YOUNG.
Compiled by Mavis.
5.45 EVENING SERENADE.
6.00 TIME FOR JAZZ WITH ROBIN DAY.
6.30 THE ARCHERS.
An everyday story of country life in England.
6.45 AROUND GREAT BRITAIN.
The North of England.
Produced by Ted Thomas.
7.15 LETTER FROM AMERICA.
By Alistair Cooke.
7.30 FIRST HEARING.
Presented by Bruce McEwan.
7.58 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
8.10 COMMENTARY.
8.15 JUST FOR YOU.
Presented by Bill Dorward.
9.00 HIGHLIGHTS FROM OPERA.
9.30 "MY WORD."
A panel game with E Arnot Robertson, Nancy Spain, Frank Muir and Denis Norden.
Umpire: Jack Longland (Repeat of last Sunday's Broadcast) (Final).
9.58 WEATHER REPORT.
10.00 TIME SIGNAL.
THE NEWS & HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.15 CONTINENTAL RENDEZVOUS.
With Denise Brabant.
10.45 TIME OUT WITH FRANK SINATRA.
10.58 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL.
RADIO NEWS REEL.
11.15 REVERIE.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Thursday

8.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL.
WEATHER REPORT.
"RHYTHM RENDEZVOUS."
8.58 WEATHER REPORT.
9.00 TIME SIGNAL.
THE NEWS & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
9.10 PROGRAMME PARADE.
9.20 "RECORD ROUNDABOUT."
10.00 A CONCERT BY THE BAND OF HER MAJESTY'S GRENADIER.
Guards conducted by Major J. H. HARRIS, M.B.E.
10.30 RENE TOUZET AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
11.00 "MORNING PROM."
Roman Carnaval Overture (Berlioz)—Orch. Symphonique de la Radiofusion Nationale Belge, Bruxelles dir. by Franz Andre; Var det en drom, Op. 37, No. 4, (Was it a dream?); Flickan Kom ifran sin alskilings mote, Op. 37, No. 5, (The Maiden returned from her tryst); Pa Verandan vid Havet, Op. 38 No. 2, (On a Balcony by the sea); Den Forsta Kyssen, Op. 37, No. 1, (The first kiss); Svarta Rosor, Op. 36, No 1 (Black Roses)—Kirsten Flagstad (Vocal) with the London Sym. Orch. cond. by Oivin Fjeldstad; Concerto No. 1 in F sharp minor, Op. 1, (Rachmaninoff); Vivace, Andante, Allegro vivace—Sviatoslav Richter (Piano), with Radio Sym. Orch. of the U.S.S.R.; Polovtsian dances (from "Prince Igor"), (Borodin)—Choir and Orch Sym. de la Radiofusion, Nationale Belge, Bruxelles dir. by Franz Andre.
12.00 noon "THE BOY FRIEND" (SANDY WILSON);
Sung by the Principals of the Broadway.
Production with Paul McErand and his Bearcats.
12.30 "NOTHING BUT MUSIC."
1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
1.13 WEATHER REPORT.
1.15 TIME SIGNAL.
THE NEWS & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 "YOURS SINCERELY."
With Vera Lynn, The Keynotes and Woolf Phillips and his Orchestra Guest Artist: Bill McGuffie.
2.00 "MEMORIES OF COVENT GARDEN."
Introduced by Lionel Dunlop.
2.30 "INTERMEZZI."
Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Herbert Van Karajan.
3.00 "UNDER WESTERN SKIES."
The George Melachrino Orchestra, and the sons of the Pioneers (Vocal).
4.30 BENNY GOODMAN IN BRUSSELS.
5.00 "ROBIN HOOD."
A Dramatic Version written by Ralph Rose; with Basil Rathbone and supporting cast, under the direction of Tudor Williams—with Brass Choir cond. by James Stagliano.
5.30 FOR THE VERY YOUNG.
Compiled by Mavis.
5.45 LES PAUL AND MARY FORD IN HAWAII.
6.00 PORTUGUESE HALF HOUR.
Presented by Hugo Vieira.
6.30 THE ARCHERS.
An everyday story of country life in England.
6.45 HILDEGARDE SINGS.
7.00 AT THE BALLET.
"Cinderella-Suite No. 1 Op. 107, (Prokofieff), Introduction Pas de Chat, Quarrel, Fairy Godmother and Fairy Winter Mazurka, Cinderella goes to the ball, Cinderella's Waltz-Midnight; Suite No. 2, Op. 108 (Prokofieff)—Cinderella dreams of the ball—Royal Opera House Orch., Covent Garden cond. by Hugo Rignold.
7.30 LONDON CALLING.
7.58 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
8.10 COMMENTARY.
8.15 "ROUND THE CLOCK RHYTHM."
Presented by Ted Thomas.
9.15 "DON'T PUT YOUR DAUGHTER ON THE STAGE MRS WORTHINGTON."
John Morris gives a few reasons why.
9.30 MUSIC IN MINIATURE.
9.58 WEATHER REPORT.
10.00 TIME SIGNAL.
THE NEWS & HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.15 "OLD TIME BALLROOM."
With Sydney Thompson and his Orchestra.
10.45 KEYBOARD CAVALCADE.
10.58 WEATHER REPORT.
RADIO NEWS REEL.
11.15 SOFT LIGHTS AND SWEET MUSIC.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Friday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL.
MARCH.
MORNING MELODY.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
7.55 DIARY FOR TODAY.
7.58 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
8.10 PROGRAMME PARADE.
8.15 MUSIC FOR YOU.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
12.15 p.m. MID-DAY PRAYERS.
By the Rev. Fr. R. W. Gallagher S.J.
12.30 FOOTLIGHT FAVOURITES.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
LETTER FROM AMERICA.
By Alistair Cooke.
(Repeat last Wednesday's Broadcast).
1.13 WEATHER REPORT.
1.15 TIME SIGNAL.
THE NEWS & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.
5.30 FOR THE VERY YOUNG.
Compiled by Mavis.
5.45 RHYMES AND STORIES.
"Monacella and the Hare."
(A BBC Broadcast for Schools).
6.00 THE JAZZ BEAT
Presented by the Voice of America.
6.30 THE ARCHERS.
An everyday story of country life in England.
6.45 MYSTERY MUSIC.
Cash Quiz Competition.
Presented by Bruce McEwan.
7.15 WORDS AND MUSIC.
7.45 INTERLUDE.
7.50 AN APPEAL ON BEHALF OF THE TO LEUNG KUK.
Dr the Hon. S. N. Chau.
7.58 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
8.10 COMMENTARY.
8.15 THE EUROPEAN COMPLEX.
"The Greek Spirit."
A Study of classical Greek and its influence on Europe.
Edited and produced by Gerard Mansell, with Denis McCarthy as Narrator.
8.45 "SCREEN SONG."
Deanna Durbin Sings Favourites from Her Films.
9.00 SOIREE MUSICALE.
9.58 WEATHER REPORT.
10.00 TIME SIGNAL.
THE NEWS & HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.15 IT'S IN THE GROOVE.
10.58 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL.
RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 GOODNIGHT MUSIC.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

New Arrivals OF JAZZ ON VERVE RECORDS

THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY — THE LIONEL HAMPTON QUINTET
THE GENIUS OF — COLEMAN HAWKINS.
THE OSCAR PETERSON TRIO AT THE STRATFORD SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL.
THE ART TATUM — BUDDY DeFRANCO QUARTET.
PRES AND TEDDY — THE LESTER YOUNG — TEDDY WILSON QUARTET.
NIGHT AND DAY — CHARLIE PARKER AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
GENE KRUPA PLAYS GERRY MULLIGAN ARRANGEMENTS.
DIZZY GILLESPIE IN GREECE.
COUNT BASIE IN LONDON.
KING OF THE TENORS — BEN WEBSTER.

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China Mail Presents The Story Of Another Sportsman Who Enriches And Is Enriched By Sport

SPORT MADE THEIR FORTUNE

After Six Years She Is Champion

By PAT BESFORD

Margaret Edwards, after six years of bitter disappointment and near misses, is at last backstroke swimming champion of England.

This greatest of the British swimmers who have never won a major title, beat her fellow international, Sylvia Lewis, by a yard at Blackpool last Saturday to win the 110-yard backstroke championship.

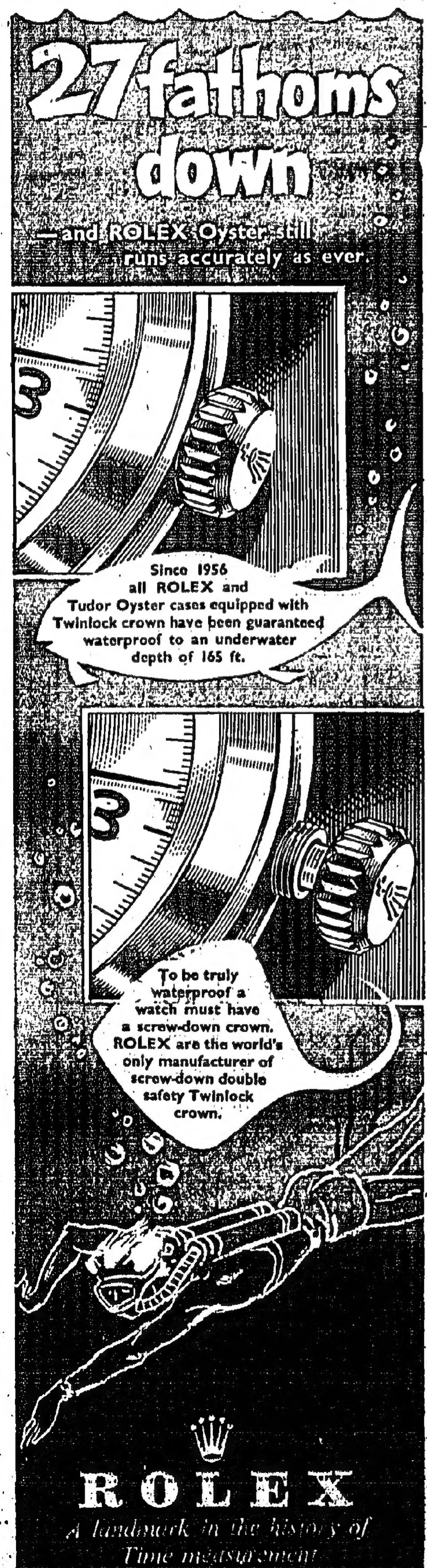
Her fine time, 1min 12.5secs was only 3/5 of a second outside Judy Grinham's world record, and only 1/5 slower than her own personal best performance.

Margaret, 20 years old, from Heston, Olympic bronze medallist, European and Empire silver medallist, breaker of five world records, was swimming in her seventh National Championship meeting.

She has been second or third every year, never before the first girl home.

"I thought my time to win must come though sometimes is was hard to have to wait so long," a most excited Margaret told me.

"I didn't start training until June this year. If I had swum in the early Internationals, like the other girls, I would have been dead by now. And my dream would never have come true."



Fangio The Fearless—The Former £1-a-month Garage Boy Who Makes Good

By JOHN MELVIN

Every morning, from Monday to Friday, a plump, bow-legged businessman arrives at his Buenos Aires office for a twelve-hour working day. Every Saturday he drives 400 kilometres to visit his parents in the country. On Sunday he rests at his luxurious villa.

His life is all well-ordered routine, the unexciting daily round of most businessmen who divide their time between the office and their family.

JUAN FANGIO . . . 'Seventy per cent good cars — and a lot of luck'.

But turn back the clock 18 months and this middle-aged, balding executive was the victim of a sensational kidnapping plot. Go back two years and he was the fastest racing driver in the world, scorching round the Grand Prix circuits of Europe—the idol of millions.

The man: Juan Manuel Fangio of Argentina, five times champion racing driver of the world before he retired last year at the peak of his fame.

Fantastic Record

Former garage hand, grease-monkey and bus driver, Juan "The Cat" Fangio sprang from obscurity to racing fame at the ripe age of 38, and retired from motor sport nine years later after winning 24 Grandes Epreuves and finishing second in nine others—a fantastic record which may never be surpassed or even equalled.

No racing driver has so greatly enriched the sport—or himself.

Fangio, son of a poor immigrant Italian plasterer, told me: "I am not a millionaire. But I own two companies—dealing in motor cars and property—and I have the concessions for Mercedes in three towns."

His profit from motor-racing is a personal secret. But I estimate that the world title was worth more than £25,000 a year to him.

For several years he was a freelance, able to command a fee of about £1,000 from car manufacturers for a single race—plus bonuses and all expenses.

Then there was appearance money, over £000 for a top-of-the-bill Grand Prix personality. And while prize money—as much as £1,000 for first place—goes to the car owner, Fangio would certainly have been given a generous share.

Finally, as world champion, he could attract the fattest publicity "perks" from firms wanting him to sponsor their petrol, oil, tyres, spark plugs, brakes and other motor parts.

Investing Wisely

All the time that frugal Fangio was amassing his great fortune, he was investing wisely, spending carefully. So, today, the former £1-a-month garage hand is a business tycoon rich enough if he wished to enjoy comfortable retirement for the rest of his years.

When I met Fangio, the business executive, he was sipping a glass of water in an hotel bar—a well-groomed, shortish (5ft 7in), broad-shouldered figure, quietly dressed in a pin-striped suit, with receding hair brushed straight back.

There was no hint that this elegant, soft-spoken gentleman had left school at 12 to bring in pesos to help feed the six children of a humble Italian immigrant family. There was no sign that he had dominated the oil-and-dust world of motor-racing for five post-war years.

Only the world-famous profile confirmed that this was the immortal Fangio who became world champion after crashing and breaking his neck at Monza in 1952. . . . who won the Belgian Grand Prix in a Maserati with a broken front suspension. . . . who won a fantastic Mille Miglia for Alfa Romeos after covering more than 500 miles with only one wheel steering.

How did Fangio, a comparative oldster in a young man's sport, make such a fabulous success of motor-racing?

Speaking through an interpreter (his languages are Italian and Spanish), he told me: "Seventy per cent good cars — and a lot of luck."

In reality, the modest Fangio had never won anything by luck. And he certainly has not always been blessed with the world's best cars.

There was no luck at Le Mans in 1955, when "El Chueco" was close on the tail of cars which crashed and killed more than 80 people. Quick-thinking, lightning reflexes, and incredible skill steered him clear of the multiple pile-up.

And it was not only a great car which enabled Fangio, at 46, to win his greatest race, the 1957 German Grand Prix at Nurburgring. After the twelfth lap he came into the pits for a wheel change and fuel, losing the lead for a second time to the Ferrari "wonder boys," Hawthorn and Collins.

The world champion, who had over a minute to make up, broke the lap record ten times to snatch a seemingly impossible victory.

Superb Cornering

Ice-cold nerves, combined with immense strength and amazingly quick reflexes, have played the major part in Fangio's success. They enabled him to take corners at a speed few of his contemporaries dared even approach.

His superb, high-speed cornering developed after instruction from the great Nuvolari. His relaxed style in the cockpit owes something to the influence of Farina, the first official world champion.

But such giants of motor-racing only helped to put the final polish on Fangio's brilliant technique. He was a natural-born driver, and when he first invaded Europe in 1949, he had behind him a quarter of a century's experience with cars.

Brought up in the potato-growing country of Balcarce, some 250 miles from Buenos Aires, young Juan became an apprentice mechanic at 12 and had his first race at 21—driving a converted taxi which broke down when he was in sight of victory.

Lack of funds delayed his progress. He was 26, when most racing drivers are at their peak, before he could afford to construct his own car from Ford parts. In 1939, friends clubbed together to raise $1,000 to buy him a car for the Argentine Grand Prix, and he rewarded them by finishing fifth.

First Great Triumph

Next, by running a lottery, Fangio raised the capital to buy a Chevrolet for the "Gran Premio International del Norte"—a 13-day event which took drivers over a tortuous 6,000-mile course, on rough roads and over 18,000-ft. passes, through North Argentina, Bolivia, Peru, and back again across the Pampas.

Fangio lost a stone in weight on that marathon, but won enough money to set himself up as a racing driver. It was his first great triumph.

One year was enough to establish him as Argentina's top driver. He became a national hero: President Peron showered him with honours.

Then in 1949 he made his European debut, racing as one of his country's three Mercedes drivers and winning every race in which he finished. The following year he was runner-up to Farina in the world championship. He won the world title in 1951, 1954, 1955, 1956 and 1957.

Courage as well as skill took fearless Fangio to the top—the brand of courage he displayed in the Argentine Grand Prix of 1955, when many drivers were forced by the scorching heat to retire from the race.

Ordeal

Stirling Moss dropped out with sunstroke. Ascari crashed. But "The Cat", playing a cunning, waiting game, pounced into the lead with only a few laps to go. And he won after driving alone for three hours, while the second, third and fourth cars were brought home by relays of drivers.

Few people realised the ordeal he had suffered. At every bend he winced in pain as his right leg touched a red-hot structural tube in the cockpit. The burns, cutting deep into flesh, took three months to heal. And the scars are still there—the only ones on his body.

Another experience affected Fangio more deeply—in the Buenos Aires-Caracas race of 1948 when he escaped with severe cuts and bruises after crashing on a foggy mountain bend. He saw Daniel Urutia—his co-driver and close friend—killed.

Says the ex-champion: "I was terribly upset. I didn't want to give up racing, but I was frightened that I might have lost my nerve completely."

Juan Fangio is a determined driver, but he has never been a ruthless one, never taken a needless risk. He once refused to race in the Mille Miglia in Italy because it was "too dangerous." And when his car—in the lead—was withdrawn from the tragic 1955 Le Mans, he said: "There are more important things in this world than finishing a race."

His Philosophy

His philosophy as a racing driver: "I would rather be ten minutes late in this world than twenty minutes early in the next."

Off the track, he has the same easy-going approach to life. Nothing ruffles him; he was not even annoyed when Cuban rebels kidnapped and held him for 29 hours, making him miss the Grand Prix in Havana.

Fangio has no false illusions about motor-racing. He loves the sport, but knows it for what it is—one of the toughest, most dangerous and demanding professions in the world.

That is why he says he would never encourage his 20-year-old son to follow in his footsteps. "I wouldn't stop him, because racing has given me a great deal of satisfaction. But I wouldn't give him any help at all.

"He would have to make good on his own."

SPORTS QUIZ

1. In what game is the maximum score 301?
2. Which sports would you be watching if you saw the following competing: (a) a Dragon, (b) a southpaw,
3. Which world athletics record is held by: (a) Parry O'Brien, (b) Jesse Owens?
4. With which sport do you associate Dwight F. Davis?
5. What do the world featherweight and light-heavyweight champions have in common?
6. Name three soccer players who have captained England since the war.
7. Who played both soccer and rugby for Ireland in 1946?
8. Who captained the successful West Indian cricket team which toured England in 1950?
9. Who was the first player to score 3,000 runs and take 100 wickets in a season of first-class cricket?
10. How many countries have won the Davis Cup?

(Answers on Page 17)

Softball Season Officially Opens Tomorrow

By OLLY VAS

Weather permitting, the 1959-60 softball season opens officially tomorrow at King's Park with the traditional ceremonies associated with occasions of this nature.

As far as I have been able to ascertain, 19 teams have signified their intention of taking part in the various leagues. There are five in the Men's Senior Division, nine in the Men's Junior Section and five in the Ladies' Division.

The first league games are scheduled for next Saturday and Sunday.

It is learned that the Senior division players will not be seen in action until some time later, so all league activities for the next few weeks will be confined to the Junior and Ladies' sections. I hope to be able to give a preview of the different teams' prospects during the coming playing season as soon as I gather some more information on their line-ups.

An entertaining programme has been arranged for fans who may take the trouble to go up to the ball park tomorrow.

Opening Parade

A grand opening parade, of league teams will be staged after the teams, in full uniform, assemble at 2.00 p.m. sharp. The 1958-1959 league champions in the different divisions will lead the teams in their respective groups in the march past the stands. After this there should be the usual round of 'booing', all in fun as in the past, when that prominent softball personality, Commissioner of Softball "Doc" Molthen makes the usual speech to usher in the season, exhorting all players to "get in there and Play Ball." After this spectators can lean back in the stands and watch two exhibition matches.

The first game is down for 2.30 p.m. when a Combined Press team made up of players from the South China Morning Post and the Tiger Standard come up against the Officials of the HKSA.

The latter will be well served by a number of veteran ball players and the team taking the field will be picked from Bill Silva, Fred Diestn, Caesar Coelho, Romeo Hamet, Brother Edward, Peter Law, George Pang, David Lo, Lee Chee Hong and Chan Yue Fai. "Doc" Molthen will be coaching this bunch of old crocks from the sidelines with chairman Bill Woo chipping in his two bits' worth as assistant coach.

Experience v. Youth

It would be almost impossible to forecast the outcome of this game as it is a case of experience being pitted against youth. The Press team are a comparatively younger group and they will be out to avenge their last year's 8-0 defeat when the Association pulled a fast one on them by pitting them against a team of officials and team managers that would have done credit to any Senior league side. Your guess as to the eventual winner is as good as mine.

The other game will be between two topnotch teams—China and Portugal. The names of players invited to represent both teams were not available at the time of writing and so I will not venture to forecast the result. Suffice to say that both teams will probably be at full strength if only for reasons of prestige since both sides have dominated the International softball scene for years and this could be a pre-view of next Easter's International final.

LAWN BOWLS SEASON DRAWS NEARER TO ITS CLOSE

Colony Men's Open Championships End Tomorrow With Singles, Triples Finals

By ROBERT TAY

With the Colony lawn bowls league practically completed last week, the local lawn bowls season now draws nearer its close.

In the league, only two matches remain to be played—Filipino Club versus Craigengower in the second division and Hongkong Electric Club versus Indian Recreation Club in the third division.

The FC-CCC match actually took place last Thursday, but was interrupted by rain after nine heads had been played. The game will probably be finished next Wednesday.

The Hongkong Electric Club versus Indian Recreation Club match will decide the only undecided title in the league.

Last Wednesday, the Electric Club bowlers missed a golden opportunity of almost assuring themselves of the third division title when they went down to Kowloon Bowling Green Club.

League Final

As they are now only half a point ahead of the Indians and now need 2½ points from their last match to clinch the title, the HERC-IRC game will be in the nature of a final with the winners (by any margin) claiming the championship.

I understand that arrangements are being made to have this game played off on Saturday, September 19 at the PRC green.

Tomorrow the men's events of the Colony Open championships will be concluded with the finals of the Singles and the Triples.

Both matches are scheduled to be played off at the Hongkong Football Club green commencing at 4 p.m.

Contestants in the singles final are George Souza of Craigengower Cricket Club and M. B. Hassan of Indian Recreation Club. Hassan, a former champion and a Colony Empire Games representative will probably start as favourite, but Souza who led his four to a fine win in the rinks final last Sunday, has been playing some very good bowls during the championships and will in my opinion have a 50-50 chance of scoring a "double" in this year's championships.

For Souza there will also be that extra incentive to not only win the title for the first time but also to pave the why for his wife who is already in the ladies' singles final to complete a unique accomplishment of both husband and wife winning the singles titles in the same year.

The triples final between the Craigengower combination of W. C. Young, F. Lee and C. C. Ma and Kowloon Dock Club's A. Skeoch, A. Lapsley and A. E. Elliott promises to be one of the best matches in the championships this year.

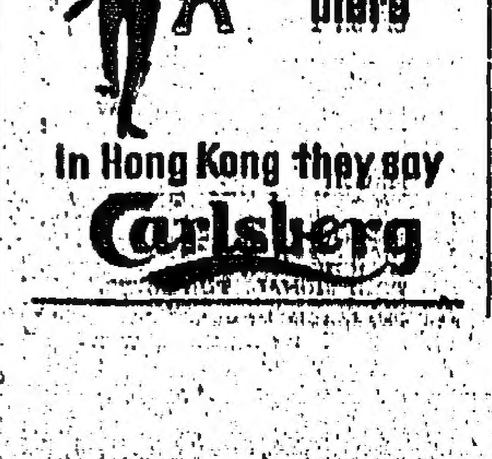
Evenly Matched

Both teams are almost evenly matched being probably a shade stronger on paper with the Dock three and the Craigengower bowlers enjoying a slight advantage of playing on the comparatively heavy HKFC green.

The two skips will in all likelihood be called upon to play the deciding part in this close game and it is more than likely that the match will be decided on the very last head.

After these finals, there remains only the ladies' singles final and mixed pairs event to be decided before the Open Championships are fully completed.

The lawn bowls season, however, will not be over until another month or so. There still remain to be played the International competition, the inter-hong pairs tournament and the Alliance Shield match.



SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

Hongkong Welcomes Several Famous Personalities From The World Of Sport

Hongkong is enjoying the pleasure of entertaining a wealth of important sporting visitors at the present time and it is reassuring to see that our local administrators and enthusiasts are not letting any grass grow under their feet in their efforts to develop the situation to the benefit of Colony sport.

Squash may not be your particular game and in fact you may not know a great deal about it, but to those who play and those who watch it the forthcoming visit of Hashim Khan — one of the fabulous Khans — is an event worth shouting from the housetops.

By I. M. MACTAVISH

Sport has always been a source of surprises and there is a subtle mixture of surprise, success, and hard work behind the rise to fame of this wonder racket wielder from Pakistan.

If we craved sensationalism, or enjoyed the Hollywood style build-up we could, with complete justification, acclaim Hashim Khan in such terms as 'Ball Boy to World Champion' or 'From Backlands to World Limelight' and so on for, since as a little boy he first saw a squash court in Peshawar and started retrieving the balls for the senior players, this great sportsman has made steady progress up the ladder of fame.

World's Greatest

His skill is rivalled only by his sense of sportsmanship and although he has now reached the veteran stage there are many who believe that he is still the greatest player in the world today.

Hongkong is honoured to have such a man pay us a visit. Spectator accommodation at his various exhibition matches will of necessity be limited but if you wish to see and marvel at the control and sense of anticipation which the complete exponent of squash can achieve then make a special effort to see him in action. You will not be disappointed....and on behalf of all sportsmen we say 'Welcome to Hongkong.... Hashim Khan.'

★ ☆ ★

Last night the Colony's television audience had the opportunity of meeting Sir Wavell Wakefield, another of the great international sportsmen currently here on a short visit.

Sir Wavell, who long ago won a special place for himself in the history of English rugby, has recently been to Australia and New Zealand in his capacity as one of the two English representatives on the International Rugby Union Football Board which held a meeting in New Zealand in the middle of August.

While down-under the visiting members of the Board also took the chance to have meetings with the Australian Rugby Football Union.

Brilliant Career

Sir Wavell is not, however, an armchair administrator for in his day he was one of the greats of English rugby and the name 'Wakefield' appeared regularly on many lists of players selected to represent their country.

He had a brilliant career as an active player and today he enjoys the same eminence as one of the pillars of the game — not merely in England but wherever rugby is played.

It may be timely to have such an important rugby personage in our midst at this moment when the Oxford-Cambridge Combined Rugby team is practically on our doorstep.

Surely it would be a sporting tragedy if this fine team, which has played in Thailand and is now in Japan, should return to the United Kingdom without playing at least one match in this British Colony.

Top class rugby visitors are few and far between. This is too great a chance to miss and it is to be hoped that Sir Wavell Wakefield will add his weight to the effort which is being made to get the University tourists to stop over for a game. If it is humanly possible to fix a match then it seems a must to me.... and to everyone who enjoys a stirring game of rugby.

It is always difficult of course to switch travel arrangements at the last moment but let the Oxford-Cambridge boys be assured that rugby in Hongkong can reap great benefit from any contribution they can make to it .... and the best contribution they can make is to meet a Colony side on the field of play.

★ ☆ ★

Thrice welcome visitors who are already with us are the oarsmen of Oxford University who are now on the way back to the United Kingdom from a tour in Japan.

It is a great thrill to have the Oxford Crew . . . winners of the 1959 Boat Race . . . here in Hongkong and the enthusiastic members of the Rowing Section of the Royal Hongkong Yacht Club are to be heartily congratulated on their efforts to 'exploit' the fame and skill of the visitors to the maximum.

Typhoon Threat

This article is being written under the threat of a visit—and it is a most unwelcome visit—from a windy lady called Nora who has been inflating herself in the China Sea. As you read your China Mail you will know whether or not she succeeded in upsetting the well laid plans of local oarsmen in their plans to match their skill against that of their famous opponents. I hope she failed miserably and that our illustrious visitors were able to enjoy smooth water.

★ ☆ ★

At the Missions to Seamen tonight the Army Physical Training Corps is staging a big boxing show in connection with its Centenary next year. There will a distinguished audience and there is every indication they will get their money's worth from the boys who will duck through the ropes.

From what I have seen of the arrangements I predict that this will be one of the best stage-managed shows we have seen in a long time but there is one feature the significance of which I hope will not be missed. I refer to the appearance of three young police boxers in bouts during the evening.

Quite A Show

This is an excellent example of sporting co-operation for these three Chinese boys. Tsang Chun-wah, Tsang Chun-kwong, and Yuen Yeng-choi have benefitted greatly from some first class boxing coaching which they have recently had from the Army and this is their own generous way of saying 'Thank you.'

The organisers of the show have planned some interesting added attractions and the spectators will see a couple of pint-sized pugilists trying to prove the old saying that in boxing you can never start too young. There will also be a judo display . . . and if time permits a 'mill'. Quite a show, you'll agree.

★ ☆ ★

Colony football enthusiasts must find it very difficult to reconcile the press reports on the games played by the Hongkong footballers in Malaya with the statements made by the team managers on their return.

This sort of thing has happened before but I doubt if any Colony team officials have ever previously come home to be faced with the disparaging press reports which now confront managers Lee and Hussain.

There is, for example, the agency report from Malaya which openly accused our players of handing the Merdeka Cup to Malaya on a plate; they were also bitterly criticised for making no apparent effort to win a game in which they were reported to be far and away the better team.

Strong Criticism

There was also strong criticism of the team's conduct in another game in the series.

Reports such as these make very unpleasant reading in Hongkong and there is no doubt at all that many local soccer followers have found them very disconcerting.

Questioned on their return to the Colony the team managers made no bones about their disagreement with both the tone and the text of the reports. From conversations I know that the Hongkong team suffered a surprisingly high number of injuries and it has been suggested that this was the real cause of their dismal failure in Kuala Lumpur.

No doubt the officials who went to Malaya in charge of the team will be making their full report to the Hongkong Football Association in due course.

It will be an interesting document and in spite of the press reports it might be a good idea to leave further comment on the matter for the moment.

However, even now it is very difficult to understand the wide variance of opinion between the Hongkong officials and the sports reporters of the news agencies which covered the series....but let's be quite fair....let's wait until the official report from the local team managers is published.

Sugar Ray To Watch Downes In Action

By DEREK JOHN

Sugar Ray Robinson, world middle-weight champion and the prince of Harlem, will be at the Wembley ring-side on September 15 to watch Terry Downes defend his British title against Scotland's John McCormack.

Robinson, now 39, will be making his first trip to Britain since he lost his world title to Randolph Turpin that glorious Earls Court night of July 10, 1951.

Promoter Jack Solomons invited Robinson because if Downes is successful there is every chance he will be fighting next for the world title.

'NOT A BAD IDEA'

Solomons was worried in case Robinson could not make the trip.

Solomons is more worried now Robinson has confirmed he will be there.

"I've just got to wait and hope Robinson doesn't have to bring his barber, his doctor, his golf professional, his valet, his chauffeur, his car, and his sparring partners," said Solomons, shuddering at the expense.

WORRIED

"Though it might not be a bad idea if he brought his sparring partners. He could get into the ring then and just show what a great champion he still is at 39."

Empire middle-weight champion Dick Tiger, of Nigeria, will be claiming a shot soon at Robinson's world title, now that he has outpointed high-ranking Gene "Ace" Armstrong over 10 rounds at Camden, New Jersey.—London Express Service.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Darts.
2. (a) Yachting, (b) Boxing.
3. (a) Shot-put, (b) Long Jump.
4. Lawn Tennis. He was the donor of the Davis Cup.
5. Their surnames — Davey Moore and Archie Moore.
6. Hardwick, Lawton, Mercer, Swift, Wright and Ramsey.
7. Dr Kevin O'Flanagan.
8. J. D. Goddard.
9. J. H. Parks, 1937.
10. Four. United States, Australia, Britain and France.

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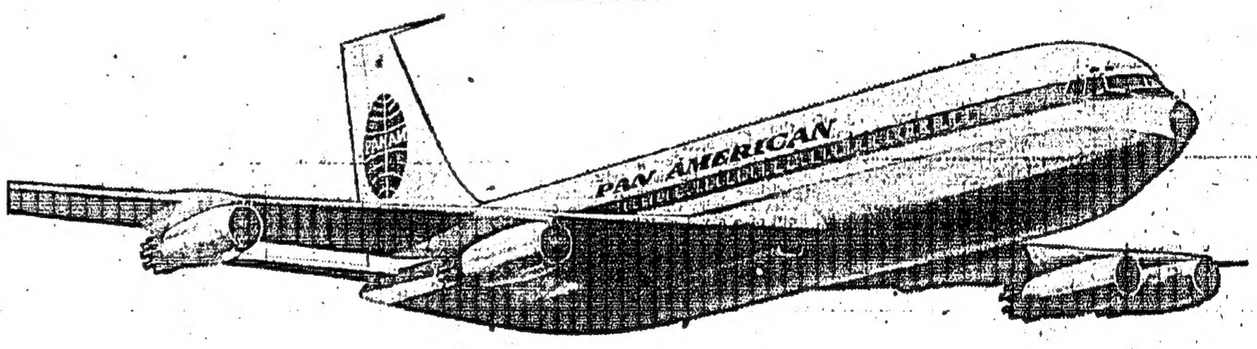

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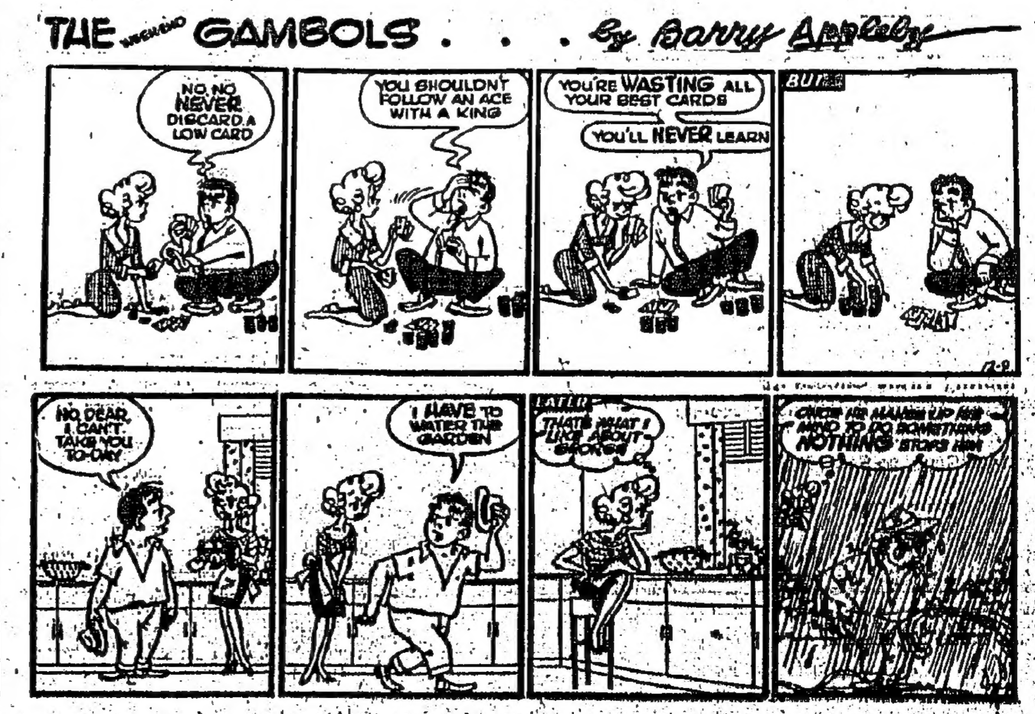
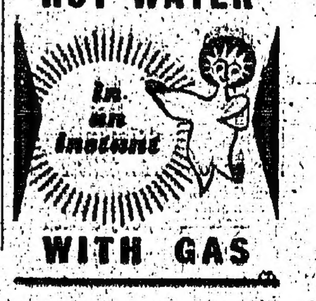


AIR-INDIA

"But when in JAPAN, do as the Japanese do."

HOT WATER



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Tass Man Granted Bail

Defamation Trial Starts Today

Rangoon, Sept. 11.

Mr Yevgeny Kovtunenko, Burma representative of Tass, was granted 25,000 kyats (£1,875) bail today when he appeared before the Rangoon District Magistrate in connection with an alleged case of defamation.

The Magistrate ordered Mr Kovtunenko to appear tomorrow for trial of the case, which was brought last April by U Law Yone, editor of the influential English-language newspaper, Nation.

Warrants for the arrest of the Soviet journalist were issued on May 15 after he failed to appear in court a week earlier to face the defamation charge. But he took refuge in the Soviet Embassy.

Allegations

U Law Yone's action resulted from a Tass bulletin, circulated in Burma, which included an item originating from New Delhi on April 21. This item quoted the Rangoon correspondent of an Indian newspaper as saying that Burmese newspapers such as the Nation had openly advocated Burmese membership of the Southeast Asia Treaty Organisation.

The bulletin also alleged that U Law Yone was given US$34,000 by the United States Embassy here last March.—Reuter.

RUSSIAN SLEEP MACHINE

London, Sept. 11.

An electronic Russian made "sleep machine" was flown to Sydney from London today aboard the inaugural Boeing 707 flight of Qantas Australian Airline.

The machine is going to Dr David Moore at the Royal Newcastle Hospital, New South Wales, who wants it urgently to treat a mentally sick boy.

IMPULSES

The machine induces sleep by sending mild electric impulses into the brain.

The machine was bought in Moscow for £110 by Mrs Doris Birtles, an Australian writer visiting Russia, at Dr Moore's request.

As it is too delicate to travel as airfreight, Mrs Birtles brought it to London personally in a Russian TU-104 jet airliner.

A Qantas official is looking after the machine on the flight to Sydney.—China Mail Special.

Spanking

El Centro, Calif., Sept. 11.

Sheriff's Deputy Jess Thomas had this phone conversation with a young caller who asked information about the law, but wouldn't identify himself:

"Is there a law against spanking a child?" The caller asked.

"It depends on how hard the spanking is," Thomas said. "Why?"

"I just want to know."

"You must have a reason. Why did you call?"

"I just got spanked."—UPI.

Wolf Whistle Cost £5 In Court

London, Sept. 11.

A "wolf whistle" cost 18-year-old Gerald Kenney a £5 fine today.

Police said that Kenney was sitting at a table outside a suburban cafe last night when he suddenly gave a loud "wolf whistle" to a young lady walking on the other side of the street.

He then got up but she hurried away.

Fining him for insulting behaviour, the magistrate told him: "If you really wanted to speak to the girl there was a proper way of doing it. Get some more self-respect."—China Mail Special.

Rose And Sedgman Win Semi-Final

Paris, Sept. 11.

Australia's Mervyn Rose and Frank Sedgman beat Australia's Ken Rosewall and Ecuador's Pancho Segura 6-3, 3-6, 6-4, 6-3 in the second semi-finals doubles of the Clay Courts Professional Championships here today.—AFP.

Miles Of Track

Chicago, Sept. 11.

There are 524,000 miles of railroad tracks in the United States, but only 300,000 are capable of returning any revenue, a railroad magazine said.

The other 190,000 miles of tracks are owned by model railroad hobbyists, according to the magazine—Model Railroader. It said most of the toy train owners are adults.—UPI.

EXCUSE

Fort Worth, Texas, Sept. 11.

Eugene Poteete, 20, who was in gaol today on a bigamy charge, said he married wife number two because she threatened to tell wife number one of their affair.

"I sure didn't want that to happen," Poteete said.—UPI.

Answer to 'Did It Really Happen?' is — YES.

This Funny World

"This is your conscience speaking!"

PEARCE'S XI BEAT INDIANS IN LAST MATCH

Scarborough, Sept. 11.

A dashing display by Roy Marshall, Hampshire's opening batsman, was largely responsible for India suffering their 11th defeat in the final first class match of their tour at Scarborough by five wickets.

Earlier in the day when fog enveloped the ground and made the players invisible to the crowd of 5,000, the Indians put up a creditable fight. Kripal Singh led the day with some fearless hitting which earned him 10 fours while he made 62 out of a stand of 103 in an hour with Gaekwad, his captain.

Both were very severe on Illingworth, who, after taking four wickets for 22, found his analysis almost ruined. Gaekwad took out his bat for 70 in two and a quarter hours. It was one of his finest innings of the tour.

Three Hours

Pearce's side of 11 Test men wanted 235 to win in three hours an average of 78 an hour. Marshall put them well in front of the clock with one of the best exhibitions of the nine-day festival. He cut with great power anything short and outside the off stump, and hitting nine fours, scored 61 out of 97 in 70 minutes.

Barrington played some useful strokes and at the tea interval 107 runs were still needed in 80 minutes. Then came a typical effort by Evans who virtually put the issue beyond doubt with 44 out of 62 in only 35 minutes. He hit Nadkarni for six and fell next ball to a grand catch in the deep by Kripal Singh.

Dexter showed his class in the final stages and he finished the match with his second six by straight-driving Nadkarni cut of the ground to give his side victory with 35 minutes to spare.

Indians 176 and 310 (P. Roy 79, D. K. Gaekwad 70 not out, A. G. Kripal Singh 62, Jaisimha 26, Illingworth 4/61, Trueman 3/65).

Pearce's XI 252 (Surrendra Nath 5/52), and 235 for five wickets (Dexter 62 not out, Marshall 61, Evans 44, Barrington 32, Surendra Nath 3/61, Nadkarni 2/64).—AFP.

New Record For Channel Swim

Calais, Sept. 11.

Abello Couto, a 34-year-old Brazilian lawyer, who in 1957 four times failed to swim the English Channel today set up a new record for the Britain to France crossing with a time of 12 hours, 49 minutes and 40 seconds.

The previous record was 13 hours, 33 minutes.

Couto, who is one of the few channel swimmers not to use grease, was fed with soup, chocolate and tea during his record breaking swim.

The Brazilian, of medium height and sturdy build, first succeeded in swimming the channel from the French coast on August 10 last year with a time of 12 hours, 45 minutes, nearly two hours longer than the record of 10 hours, 50 minutes set up in this direction by Egypt's Abdel Rehim in 1951.

Britain's Gordon Hill today swam from France to England in 12 hours 48 minutes.—AFP.

OLMEDO KNOCKS OUT EMERSON IN U.S. TENNIS

By STEVE SNIDER

Forest Hills, N.Y., Sept. 11.

WIMBLEDON champion Alex Olmedo of Peru led the field into the men's semi-finals of the U.S. Tennis Championships today knocking over Roy Emerson of Australia, 6-4, 3-6, 6-2, 6-3, on the windswept centre court at the West Side tennis club.

Neale Fraser, Australia, beat Luis Ayala, Chile, 6-3, 6-4, 6-4.

Olmedo displayed his best touch despite the wind and fired away without let up at the 22-year-old Aussie doubles star, who had hoped for an upset.

Alex let down only once on his service, suffering a break in the fourth game of the second set to go down 1-3 on Emerson's passing shots. That cost him the set.

But Olmedo quickly won the next two, breaking Emerson twice in the third set with ringing placements and once again in the fourth Alex allowed only five points off his service in the fourth set.

In Trouble

Another unseeded player to reach the men's semi-finals was 21-year-old Ronald Holmberg, of New York, who beat fourth-seeded Rod Laver, a member of Australia's victorious Davis Cup squad, 6-8, 7-5, 6-0, 6-3.

Emerson was in trouble early in the fourth set, and almost lost his service the second game, but managed to pull it out in a 16-point battle.

In the sixth game Olmedo hit with confidence and Emerson, desperately on the defensive, stayed mostly in backcourt. However, on the final two points, Emerson was each time caught helplessly in midcourt as the sharp placement whistled past him to land safely in the corner of the court.

Olmedo, who had rung up love games in his first two services, quickly ran out the set and match with a powerful and deep service which had Emerson straining on each attempted return.

Major upset of the day was supplied by 31-year-old Bernard "Tut" Barizen the national clay court champion, who knocked out second seeded U.S. player Barry Mackay in straight sets.

Bartzen beat Mackay, a Davis Cup player, 6-3, 6-4, 6-4.

Shock result in the women's quarter finals was the 6-3, 6-2 win by Britain's Ann Haydon, seeded No. 6, over second-seeded Sandra Reynolds, of South Africa.

Wimbledon champion Maria Bueno of Brazil gained the women's semi-finals by defeating former champion Louise Brough Clapp of Beverly Hills, Calif., 6-3, 6-2. — UPI and Reuter.

Police Swimming Gala Today

The Hongkong Police Force Association are holding their annual swimming gala at the Victoria Park Swimming Pool, Causeway Bay, at 7 p.m. today. Mrs H. W. E. Heath, wife of the Commissioner of Police will be presenting the prizes at the conclusion of the gala.

HOCKEY WINNERS

The 1/7 Gurka Rifles beat 5 Field Regiment 2-1 yesterday afternoon in the final of the 48 Brigade Hockey Knockout Tournament played at Sekong.

Shelbyville, Illinois, Sept. 11.

Shelby County is looking for tattletales.

A new ordinance gives citizens the authority to turn each other in for traffic violations. It even provides special postcards for informing on offending drivers.—UPI.

HONG KONG & SHANGHAI BANK
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Hong Kong.

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES

S.S. "TAIPING"
Arrived: 11th September, 1959

Damaged cargo ex this vessel will be surveyed by Messrs. Wood & Browne at Hong Kong & Kowloon Godown at 10 a.m. on Tuesday, 15th and Wednesday, 16th September, 1959, and consignees representatives are requested to be present during survey.

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Special Announcements and Classified Advertisements as usual.

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If not prepaid a booking fee of 50 cents is charged.

WANTED KNOWN

MOON FESTIVAL CELEBRATION on Thursday, 17th Sept., 1959, the Astor Hotel will hold a launch picnic to celebrate the moon festival. The launch will sail around the Island and will be moored at one of the Colony's beautiful beaches. This will afford those who like to swim to enjoy moonlight swimming. Tickets are sold at the reception office at HK$20.00 each, which includes dinner. The launch will leave at 6 p.m. from Kowloon Public Pier and return by midnight. For reservation, phone 67201.

GIFTS ARE A PROBLEM—Bring your list and see how many you can find at one time. Duval's, Garden Road.

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STAMPS

REDUCED to lowest possible prices, stocks of collectors' packets of assorted stamps to be cleared. You are invited to come and see them. South China Morning Post, Ltd., Wyndham St., Hongkong and Salisbury Road, Kowloon.

COMMERCIAL

H.K.T.—11 a.m., Saturday Symphony; 12 noon, Lunchtime Variety; 1.30 p.m., Information Desk; 2, Open House; 5, Relaxet Vous; 5.20, Big Brass Band; 5.45, Espanol; 6, Words And Music From Britain; 6.30, Just Jazz; 7, But The Cover's Lovely; 7.15, Percy Faith and Orch.; 7.30, Hi-Fi Club—Nick Kendall; 8, Barometer Rising, Radio adaptation of novel by Hugh MacLennan, Episode 1; 8.30, Sports Report; 8.45, From The Corn Belt; 9, Two On a Turn-Table; 10.30, Tempo Time—Saturday Dance Date; Midnight, Close Down.

REDIFFUSION

11 a.m., Morning Medley—Sylvan Levin and Orch.; 11.30, Soames Forsyte Esquire; 12, Noon, Tune Time; 12.30 p.m., Composer Cavalcade; 1.15, Weather, News and Special Announcements; 1.30, Lunchtime Music; 2, Saturday Requests—Ron Ross; 3, Year By Year—Hits of 1950; 3.30, Official Detective; 4, Ten-Twenty Club presents "Rumpus Time" for teenagers—Ron Ross; 5, Unit Requests—Nancy Wise; 6, Birthday Mailbag; 6.02, Melody Magic; 6.30, Meet The Stars—Paul Anka, Frances Wayne; 7, Jazzward Bound—Frank Teschemacher—prepared and presented by Jock Sinclair; 7.30, Words And Music—John Grant; 8, Time and News; 8.00, Weather, Announcements and Interlude; 8.15, Fiesta Time; 8.30, Voice Of Sport; 9, Hit Parade; 9.30, Palace Of Varieties; 10, Crime Club; 10.30, Dance Party—Host: Rex Cordeiro; 11, Stop Press; 11.05, Dance Party; 11.30, Starlight Serenade; 12, Midnight, Close Down.

TELEVISION

2 p.m., "Leave It To Beaver." Jerry Mathers, Tony Dow; 2.30, Highway Patrol; 3, Cantonese Feature: "The Cowboy Story." Chang Wood-yiu, Tsang Lan-sei; 4.30, Eddie Cantor Show, Buster Keaton, Christine Larsen in "The Square World Of Alonzo Pennyworth"; 5, Children's Hour—Cartoons; 5.15, Puppets—Calvin Wong; 5.30, Little Rascals; 6.00, Children's Feature; 6, Close Down; 7.30, Naked City, "Fire Island"; 7.50, Bob Cummings Show; 8.30, Newsreel; 8.35, Boxing, Visit to King George V Hall Missions to Seamen to see some of bouts during programme staged in connection with centenary celebrations of Army Physical Training Corps; 9.30, Two Plays Of 1959: "The Poachers," Dan Barton, Barbara Whiting, Miner Watson; 9.55, William Lundigan, Maria Wrixon, Eddie Foy Jr. Paul Cavanaugh in "The Case Of The Black Parrot"; 11, Late Night Final.

Kraft Processed CHEESE
Free Sampling Kraft Cheese at both Manson House & Windsor House Demonstration stands from Monday 14th Sept. to Sat. 19th Sept.
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